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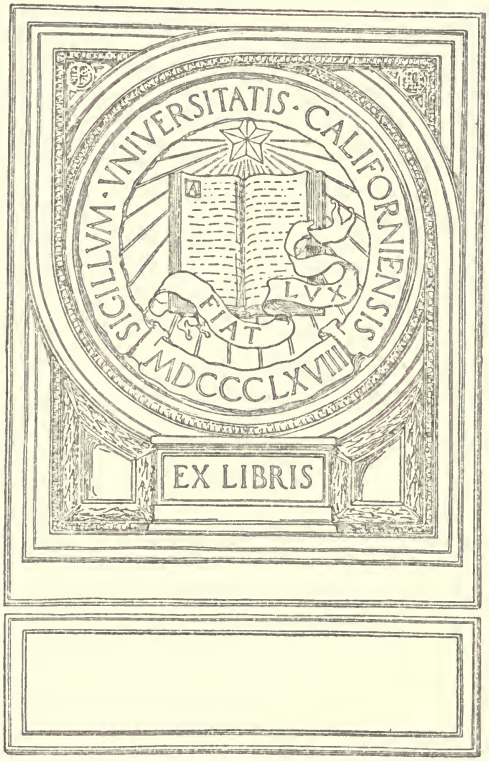
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

JOHN M. PAVER
First Lieutenant Company C
and Regimental Quartermaster
Fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry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Indianapolis,

SCOTT-MILLER COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS

WHAT I SAW

FROM 1861 TO 1864

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS *of*

JOHN M. PAVER

1st LIEUTENANT COMPANY C, *and*

R. Q. M. 5th OHIO VOL. INFANTRY

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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P 36

20TH CORPS

5TH OHIO

INFANTRY

CINCINNATI

1861-1898

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Written for the Indianapolis News on the occasion of the Dedication of the Indiana Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, May 15, 1902.

1904

INTRODUCTION.

Notwithstanding the years that have passed, my experience as a Soldier in the War of the Rebellion retains its interest. Taking into consideration that my memory will be a little defective, it will not be my purpose to write of any incident that I did not personally see or experience.

I do not claim any merit as a writer, nor have I made any study in that direction. To state the movements of Armies or Corps, give descriptions of battles, submit reports of losses, etc., I will leave to writers who have made it an object to write as Historians. My services were diversified, being, for the greater part, on detached or special duty.

I am not a graduate of any college, although my parents made an effort to have me sent, when I was a young man, to an Episcopal College, at Gambier, Ohio, probably thinking that I would be a good subject for the Ministry. This failed and all I claim is a common school education. I was born in Cincinnati, O., on the 14th day of July, 1839.

My father was an Englishman; my mother was of German descent, and I presume I inherited my military spirit from my father, who, as I can recollect when quite a small boy, was a member of one of the early militia companies of Cincinnati. As a relic of his time and services to the State, I have in my possession a silk officer's sash, and which, I wore during my service in the Union Army.

Previous to this year, 1905, I have been constantly and actively engaged in the "whirlpool" of busy business life, and now, after many years of activity, I have retired from this daily commotion, and transferred my business to my two sons, both energetic, competent, capable and reliable business men, so that my retirement will make study a pleasant pastime, and the writing of my Recollections agreeable.

In writing, I may make some errors in dates, but the statements as an eye witness, I make from the store house of my brain. I shall not attempt to relate any individual acts of bravery or heroism. When hostilities commenced, I was a clerk in the freight department of the C., H. & D. R. R. Co., in Cincinnati, Ohio. I have no knowledge of any other employe enlisting at the same time I did. I had no aim for rank, or military glory, a desire only to be a part of the great Union Army, to save to the Country the free government bequeathed to us by our forefathers.

To write one's personal observations and experiences during a period now far in the past, is an undertaking which may fail before the final chapter is written. To think, and put down on paper what one thinks, in an intelligent and comprehensive manner, is no small task after so many years. Forty-one years have passed since the closing scenes of the conflict between the North and the South, which were prominent in the minds of the survivors of that great army of men, clad in blue.

The sixty-seventh mile stone of my life has nearly been reached, and in this time, much has been seen and experienced. A soldier's life during the War of the Rebellion was one of trials, joys and sorrows. To preserve the memory of the experiences through which I passed during the war, and to furnish my posterity and surviving comrades with some record of my faithfulness to the "Old Flag," is the object of this article. The survivors of the War of the Rebellion never tire of telling stories or hearing them told when they come from actual participants, but a recount from some paper or "book soldier," is never appreciated.

JOHN M. PAVER.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 2nd, 1906.

1861

CHAPTER I.

POLITICAL CONDITION—ELECTION OF LINCOLN AND HAMLIN—ORGANIZATION THREE MONTHS—ORGANIZATION THREE YEARS.

The political conditions of the Country the year preceding the commencement of the war (1860) were of such a character and in such an unsettled state that the most unsuspecting youth could not but exhibit nervousness. The great question of slavery had rent asunder the friendly relations that had existed for years between the North and South. Some preparations in anticipation of a conflict had already been made in Washington during the year.

In February, 1861, Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin were, by the Electoral votes cast, declared President and Vice-President of the United States for four years, and were inaugurated March 4th, 1861. Their election caused the secession of many of the southern States and an attempt to destroy the Union. Finding that nothing but a resort to arms would satisfy the South, the President accepted the issue and made his first call for seventy-five thousand men for three months service. This call was made April 15, 1861. Ohio's quota was 10,153. There were furnished, however, 12,357 men.

Some of the States were in a better condition from a military standpoint than Ohio. The military contingent was very deficient. Cincinnati and some other cities had a few company organizations, made up more for dazzling beauty and parade than actual service. To one of these the writer was attached.

The Cincinnati Rover Guards, a very old organization, had been sworn into the State service some time previous to my becoming a member. The year 1861 was one of activity for the "Rovers." The first company had been ordered to assemble at Columbus, Ohio, to join other companies from other cities in the

State and was there assigned to a command that proceeded to Washington and took part in the first Battle of Bull Run.

The second Company of "Rovers" of which I was the First Orderly Sergeant, and afterwards Second Lieutenant, was ordered to camp, April 20th, 1861, mustered in May 8th, for three months, and with other companies, assembled at the Fair Grounds just outside of Cincinnati, which was afterwards known as Camp Harrison. Here we put in our first days as actual soldiers in Uncle Sam's service, drilling and equipping ourselves for more arduous work. The general opinion among the boys was that it would only be a "PICNIC" on a large scale, at Uncle Sam's expense.

I remember those recruiting days very well. The first companies were made up of picked men; picked because they showed most enthusiasm. The inspiration was there. The sound of the fife and drum stimulated them to good work in drilling and marching. At Camp Harrison, we were assigned, with nine other companies, to an organization which was afterwards known as the 5th Ohio Volunteer Infantry Regiment, and mustered into the three months service on May 8th, 1861.

After the ten companies had been mustered in, there came the election of officers to command the regiment. I might say that before the election of regimental officers our company elected the following:

Captain .....Henry E. Symmes
First Lieut.....Theo. A. Startsman
Second Lieut.....John M. Paver
and we were known as Company "C."

The result of the election of regimental officers was as follows:

Colonel.....Samuel H. Dunning
Lieut. Col.....John H. Patrick
Major.....Charles L. Long
Surgeon.....Alfred Ball
Assistant Surgeon.....Charles Greenleaf
Adjutant.....William Gaskill
R. Q. M.....Caleb C. Whitson
Sergeant Major.....Augustus Moonert
Q. M. S.....William Tomlinson
Hospital Steward.....William F. Tibbals
Principal Musician.....Thomas Davis

We remained at Camp Harrison until May 23rd, 1861, and were then ordered to Camp Dennison, a new camp, located on the

Little Miami Railroad (now part of the Pennsylvania System) about sixteen miles east of Cincinnati. Here we remained, continuing our drilling, and getting better equipped for active field duty. The 5th Ohio was very popular with the citizens of Cincinnati, being known as a strictly City Regiment. Our march from Camp Harrison to Camp Dennison was a perfect ovation. The route was over the hills and through Cliffton, entering the city at Sycamore street, descending here, making an imposing appearance in our marching, although our uniform appearance was not so creditable. We had not, up to this time, been furnished with our "Blue Clothing."

Remembering very well that just before we reached the top of Sycamore Street hill the command was given, "Arms at will," at which, by pre-arrangement, each soldier was to place his musket across his shoulders, and in "open order" making it have a "regular and unique" appearance, and in this way, we marched many squares through the heart of the city. It not being generally known over what route or at what time the regiment would pass through, many wives, mothers, sisters and fathers were keenly disappointed by not seeing us on our march to the depot. Nevertheless, the streets were crowded and many were the "Good Byes" and "Farewells" given us.

Before our three months of "Picnic" service had expired, it became very evident on the part of our Government that soldiers for a longer period were needed, and a demand was made upon us that we should enlist for three years. This demand was the cause of considerable dissatisfaction. Some officers and many of the enlisted men declining to re-enlist and much difficulty was experienced in getting a full quota to enable us to be mustered in for three years.

This reorganization brought about many changes in the companies, as well as the Regimental officers. The quota was finally completed, and the regiment was mustered into the three years service on June 20, 1861. The new organization was officered as follows:

Colonel.....Samuel H. Dunning
Lieut. Col.....John H. Patrick
Major.....William Gaskill
Surgeon .....Alfred Ball
Assistant Surgeon.....C. J. Bellows
Chaplain .....S. L. Yourtee

Colonel Dunning resigned after the battle of Port Republic, the resignation taking effect August 2, 1862.

Lieut. Colonel Patrick, promoted to Colonel August 2, 1862, was killed at Pumpkin Vine Creek, Ga., May 25, 1864.

Major Gaskill resigned January 19, 1862.

Surgeon Ball, mustered out June 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service.

Assistant Surgeon Bellows, resigned Sept. 10, 1862.

Chaplain Yourtee, resigned May 25, 1862.

Company A.

Captain .....Jacob A. Remley
First Lieut.....Geo. H. Whitcamp
Second Lieut.....Robt. H. Barrett

This company was made up chiefly of young men from the vicinity of Central Avenue, Liberty and Wade Streets, Cincinnati, who had formed a military company previous to the calling for troops, and was part of an organization known as The "Continental Battalion."

The Captain resigned April 30, 1864.

First Lieut. resigned April 26, 1862.

Second Lieut. resigned August 16, 1861.

Company B.

Captain .....Robert L. Kilpatrick
First Lieut.....John C. McDonald
Second Lieut.....Hugh Marshall

The officers of this Company were originally members of the "Cincinnati Highland Guards," an organization of Scotchmen, who had some experience in drilling. The enlisted men were of a miscellaneous nationality and contained some very tough characters, who gave the officers much trouble. Captain Kilpatrick, having seen service in the British Army, was a very severe disciplinarian and handled his men accordingly. Had he been otherwise, it is a question whether he would have been successful. One particular man, known as "Scotty" was hard to control, and a dangerous man.

The Captain was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, January 8, 1863.

First Lieut. was promoted to Captain, August 13, 1862.

Second Lieut. was promoted to First Lieut., March 11, 1862, and appointed Adjutant, July 24, 1862.

COMPANY C.

Captain .....Henry E. Symmes
First Lieut.....Theo. A. Startsman
Second Lieut.....John M. Paver

The officers of this company were original members of the Cincinnati Rover Guards, which had among its membership some of the very best young men in the city. Regardless of our extreme care in selecting "recruits" we picked up one or two bad characters, from which kind no company was free. Particular mention of this calls to mind one Samuel S. Pierpont, who had openly proclaimed that he would kill the officers of his company before the war was over. This man was insubordinate in the extreme, and for months was kept in prison. The opinion prevailed that he was mentally unbalanced. On one occasion this man was a part of the detail for picket duty, and it fell to my lot to be the officer for that outpost. I was in great suspense during the whole time of our picket duty. I had been cautioned by some of my company to be on the alert. Pierpont was severely wounded at Cedar Mountain, Virginia, August 9th, 1862, taken to the hosuital, and was finally discharged February 27th, 1863. Both Captain Symmes and myself felt very much relieved after this became known. I cannot close this little synopsis without referring briefly to our own Captain.

H. E. Symmes was an extraordinary man, a lineal descendant of President Zachary Taylor, whose term of office as President of the United States was only sixteen months. From my first acquaintance with him, he attracted me by his military spirit, and every development of his character indicated his nobility. He was a close student in the art of war, born to command, always showing an earnestness of purpose, severely temperate and of undaunted courage. He was promoted to Major, March 29th, 1863, and died July 9, 1864, from wounds received in the Battle of Kennesaw Mountain, June 29th, 1864.

First Lieut. promoted to Captain, March 19, 1862.

Second Lieut. promoted to First Lieut., April 26, 1862, and appointed R. Q. M. June 23, 1863.

COMPANY D.

Captain.....Robert Hays
First Lieut.....Robert Logan
Second Lieut.....Robert Kirkup

The officers and a number of the men of this company were known as the original Cincinnati Highland Guards, a company of Scotchmen. My observations of this company were that it was made up of good material and was faithful during the service.

Lieut. Robert Kirkup remained constantly with the company, receiving merited promotions to Captain, and Colonel. He was wounded at Cedar Mountain, recovered and returned to his command.

The Captain resigned May 25, 1862.

First Lieut. resigned March 11, 1862.

Second Lieut. was promoted to First Lieut., January 9, 1862; promoted to Captain, August 2, 1862; Lieut. Colonel, September 26, 1864.

Company E.

Captain.....George B. Whitcomb
First Lieut.....Louis C. Robinson
Second Lieut.....William N. Dick

This company was a part of the "Continental Battalion." The nucleus of the organization was young men of the "west end" of the city. Their occupations were mostly as clerks and mechanics of the several trades. Captain Whitcomb was killed in action at Winchester, Virginia, March 23, 1862.

First Lieut. was promoted to Captain, April 26, 1862; resigned April 1, 1863.

Second Lieut. promoted to First Lieut., March 19, 1862; to Captain, January 8, 1863. Died Acquia Creek, Va., May 24, 1863.

Company F.

Captain.....Theophilus Gaines
First Lieut.....Robert Brumwell
Second Lieut.....James Kinkaid

The Captain of this company was an attorney of considerable renown and it would be reasonable to expect that the makeup would contain a few persons of the same profession, but it is not known that any other lawyer was enlisted under him. The membership consisted mostly of draymen, brick-yard hands, and laborers from the west end of the city. This company was recognized also as a part of the original Continental Battalion.

The Captain was promoted to Major and Judge Advocate U. S. A., November 1st, 1861.

First Lieut. resigned February 28, 1862.

Second Lieut. was promoted to First Lieut., January 22, 1862, and to Captain, December 5, 1862. Resigned February 9th, 1863.

COMPANY G.

Captain.....Alonzo C. Horton
First Lieut.....Waldo C. Booth
Second Lieut.....Frederick A. Moore

The officers of this company were original members of the "Cincinnati Zouaves," very competent and efficient. The raw recruits profited by their experience as Drill Masters.

The Captain resigned August 21, 1861.

First Lieut. was promoted to Captain, September 24, 1861. Resigned December 15, 1861.

Second Lieut. was promoted to First Lieut., September 4, 1861, and to Captain, January 9, 1862. Afterwards, June, 1862, commissioned by the Governor of Ohio as Colonel of the 83rd Infantry.

COMPANY H.

Captain.....John F. Fletcher
First Lieut.....George N. C. Frasier
Second Lieut.....William V. Neely

Very little was known of the officers of this company. The recruiting station was on the Public Landing, Cincinnati, and the membership was miscellaneous, comprising cooks, stewards, cabin boys, and stevedores from the steamboats, a rough lot of fellows and hard to control. The officers had little or no control and held themselves very much on an equality with the men at times. The First Lieut. resigned after a few months in the field. The Captain left the company at Dumfries in the winter of 1862, in citizen's clothes and never returned. The Second Lieut. was severely wounded at the battle of Cedar Mountain, through the small of his back, went to the hospital at Washington, and was finally discharged for disability. The records show that the First Lieut. resigned January 1, 1862. Second Lieut. was promoted to First Lieut. March 11, 1862; to Captain, March 29, 1863. Resigned May 25, 1863.

COMPANY I.

Captain.....John Collins
First Lieut.....Joseph Rudolph
Second Lieut.....Harry G. Armstrong

This was strictly a Printers' Company, made up from the printing offices of the city, and they made good soldiers. Captain Collins was afterwards promoted to Major. First and Second Lieutenants resigned after a few months in the field.

The Captain was promoted to Major, August 2, 1862. Resigned March 29, 1863.

First Lieutenant resigned March 11, 1862.

Second Lieut. promoted to Major, February 8, 1862. Transferred to Field Staff. Resigned May 24, 1862. Recommissioned June 4, 1862. Promoted to Lieut. Colonel August 2, 1862. Discharged January 8, 1863.

COMPANY K.

Captain.....Charles H. Jackson
First Lieut.....Thos. W. Hefferman
Second Lieut.....Charles W. Smith

This company was the first in the "Continental Battalion," and was recruited from all parts of Cincinnati. The headquarters were at Court and Walnut Streets. The membership was of the very best; all young men. Clerks, salesmen, students and professional men. Captain Jackson was not with the company after the battle of Port Republic.

The Captain's resignation took effect December 5, 1862.

The First Lieut. was appointed Adjutant, June 11, 1862; transferred to Field Staff, afterwards appointed to Captain of Company I.

Second Lieut. was promoted to First Lieut. and appointed Adjutant February 8, 1862. Killed at Port Republic, June 9, 1862.

NOTE.—The Roster of the officers of each Company as indicated in this book, are upon the original enlistment for three years service.

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTURE FROM CAMP DENNISON—ARRIVAL AT CLARKSBURG—EXPEDITION TO OAKLAND—ENCAMPMENT PARKERSBURG—EXPEDITION TO BUCKHANNON—FRENCH CREEK—ROMNEY.

We continued our daily routine of duty until July 10, 1861, at which time we left Camp Dennison for Western Virginia. Two days preceding were occupied in getting ready to embark. The pass privilege to the city had been cut off, and the result of this order was shown by delegations of fathers, mothers, sisters and sweethearts coming to camp to take a final farewell. There were many affecting scenes. The morning of the 10th found us all ready, and it took the greater part of the day to get everything on board. Two long trains of freight cars, with only bare wooden seats, were at our disposal. No Pullman sleepers or cafe cars were visible in those days. It was late in the afternoon before the final "All aboard" was called and we "were off."

The first night we tried to get some sleep, but as we were packed like cattle, it was difficult to even stretch out on the floor of the cars. "No sleep till morn," the boys kept thinking all night. We crossed the Ohio River about daylight the morning of July 11th, were now in Rebeldom and the boys were eager for the "Fray." We tarried at Benwood a short time and finally moved out, drawn by a couple of mountain climbers, known as "camel-back" engines, formerly owned by the B. & O. R. R., but at this time Uncle Sam's property. They snorted and puffed up and down the mountains until we finally arrived at Grafton, took a survey of the place and then proceeded to Clarksburg, Virginia.

Many of the young men in my company (C) held the opinion that as soon as we got into "Secesh" we would find a rebel behind every tree. An amusing scene occurred enroute to Grafton. The air was crisp and foggy, making our blankets very comfort-

able, when suddenly the sharp, clear report of a shot was heard, and every one in our car was alert, getting ready to "ram a cartridge." It proved to be that an officer of one of the companies who were on the same train ahead of us had shot at a rabbit. This little incident went to show how a small thing, early in our campaign, would disturb one's peace of mind, but as "Experience is an expensive school," it took more than the single discharge of a pistol to disturb us a few months later.

My recollection is that we reached Clarksburg late in the day of July 11th, and went into camp. On July 14th, (that being the anniversary of my birth) I recollect very well that a portion of our regiment was ordered to join a force that was assembling at Oakland, Virginia, under General Charles W. Hill, to intercept the Rebel General, Garnett. Companies A, D, E, G, H, I and K were taken, leaving companies B, C, and F to remain at Clarksburg, to guard the stores. I might say right here that the 5th Ohio Regiment was not unlike many other regiments that went into the strife. Contentions and petty jealousies existed. The old saying, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war" in this instance was Scotch against Scotch, and the feeling continued throughout the service. Strained relations existed between many officers of the line, as well as regimental staff, and it was this strained relationship, it was thought, that caused our company, with the other two, to be held back from the Oakland trip.

During the absence of the seven companies, company F was detailed to build a telegraph line from Clarkesburg to Weston and was kept permanently detached from the regiment until late in our service, the exact time of their return, I do not remember. Captain Gaines was very hostile in his feelings toward the field officers, and the short time he was with us, was at times very insubordinate. While we were at Clarksburg, he was detailed as Judge Advocate on General Rosecrans' staff, and later was assigned to the staff of General Sigel. Afterwards, he succeeded in procuring from the President, a commission as Major and Judge Advocate in the Regular service.

The seven companies returning from the reconnoiter to Cheat River, the two companies, "B" and "C" left at Clarksburg, joined the seven companies, and the whole nine proceeded to Parkersburg, West Virginia, and went into camp with some Ohio troops who had preceded us. Parkersburg being on the river, and at

the mouth of the Little Kanawha, offered splendid opportunity for the boys to bathe, which they all took advantage of beside trips up the Kanawha and down to Blennerhassett Island on the Ohio. While in camp at Parkersburg a very disagreeable and unpleasant duty was performed. Private Alexander M. Gates of Company "G" had been convicted by a "Court Martial" of conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline and was drummed out of camp in front of a squad of men at the point of the bayonet, while the band played the Rogue's March. The report of the Court Martial proceedings, together with a report of the execution of the sentence, was forwarded to the President, Mr. Lincoln, who disapproved of them, ordering Gates back to his command. Just when and where he did return, I do not know. Later, however, in the service he appeared one day mysteriously and reported for duty, but no one would have anything to do with him, and he disappeared as mysteriously as he came. Afterwards, he was known as a "professional Bounty Jumper."

We remained at Parkersburg until about the 4th of August, when we were again moved by rail to Clarksburg, August 5th. The nine companies took up the line of march to Buckhannon, twenty-eight miles away. The marching for a few miles was of a fairly regular quality but before the day was over, it was very irregular. The weather was very warm, and the weight of the accoutrements became a burden. Many men fell by the wayside, completely exhausted. It became absolutely necessary that relief should come to them and many articles, such as blankets, parts of uniforms, books and everything that could be dispensed with, were cast off. We finally straggled into Buckhannon about dark, and camped on the north side of the town in a low piece of timber land, which proved to be subject to overflow. The next day we were moved to the south side of the town, on a piece of upland, a more healthy location.

Our line of transportation was a sight, using two-horse wagons, four, and in some instances five wagons to a company, and with Headquarters, medical and quartermaster's department, we must have aggregated fully seventy-five wagons.

The town of Buckhannon is a very pretty little place, nestled away in the mountains of western Virginia, on the regularly traveled turnpike, leading East and West, and at the junction of the road leading to Beverly and Phillippi, East, and Weston,

West. The regiment was camped here from August to November, except three companies, A, B and C, that were detailed to outpost duty and were sent to French Creek, about ten miles away. The detachment at French Creek had an engagement with Bushwhackers in September, scouting through Webster County and losing one man, William Bogert, of Company C.

While camping at Buckhannon, I must not overlook two circumstances that have always remained vivid in my memory. The camp had been regularly laid out, and was beautifully situated, and the field officers' quarters were in keeping with the rest of the camp, but, notwithstanding this, they took quarters at the principal hotel in the town, about one mile away. I thought this a breach of good order, and military discipline, and withal, gross impropriety. Seeing the example set by the highest officers of the regiment, some of the line officers did likewise, leaving their commands, except at times of drill or parade. The second incident was by a lot of the worst element in the regiment congregated in a local barber-shop, operated by a large, burly negro. Whiskey was the cause of the trouble. They all drank freely, both whites and blacks, until they were drunk, and then a fight became general. The negro barber engaged the worst one of the bunch, who proved to be our beforementioned "Scotty," the "bad man" of company "B," and in the scuffle, "Scotty" bit the negro's nose off. Filthy to think of! He was afterwards known as "the man who bit the nigger's nose off." This went with him to the end of the war. In battle, there was not a more courageous fellow in the regiment and had he been of a more refined character, would have received a commission early in the service for meritorious conduct in action. Early in November, the regiment consolidated and moved back to Clarksburg and thence by rail to New Creek Station farther east on the B. & O. R. R., arriving at New Creek about November 5th, marching by the regular military road over the mountains and reaching Romney about the 7th. The regiment remained here during November and December, 1861, and until January 10, 1862.

The action near Romney, December 8, 1861, the attack on the picket outpost under command of Lieut. Paver, at Sheets Mills, the repulse of the Rebels and the burning of all the houses, tannery and everything, was spoken of as commendable in a report to the General commanding. Here at this place, December 8th,

a very deplorable accident occurred. Parker S. Robinson, Corporal Company C, Corporal of the Guard, making his rounds, was shot in cold blood by a drunken sentinel without provocation. The drunken sentinel was from the same company, and a strong feeling against Robinson is said to have been the cause of it all. "The way of the transgressor is hard" and this murderer received his just dues afterwards.

CHAPTER III.

DETAIL FOR RECRUITING SERVICE—RETURN TO REGIMENT—ON TO RICHMOND—POPE CAMPAIGN.

The enthusiasm in the early part of 1861, the calling for 75,000, and then 300,000 and then 300,000 more volunteers had about exhausted the fiery spirit so that towards the close of the year, the War Department issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY.

Adjutant General's Office.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3, 1861.

General Order, No. 105.

EXTRACTS.

II. The Recruiting Service in the various States for the Volunteer forces already in service and for those that may hereafter be recruited, to be placed in charge of General Superintendents for those States respectively, with general depots for the collection and instructions of recruits as follows, viz:

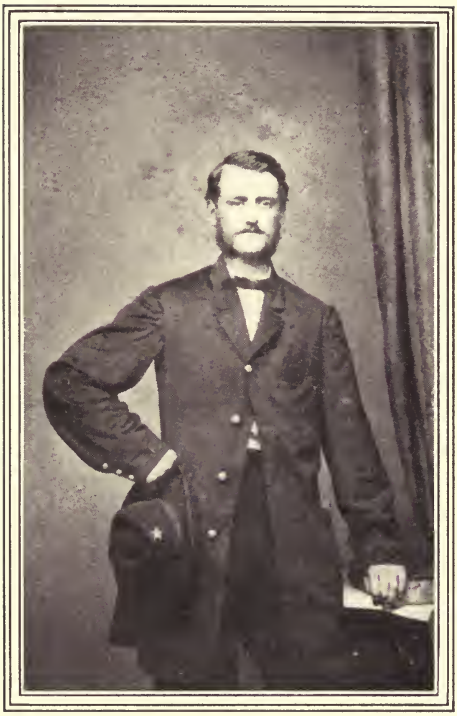
Ohio, Major N. C. Macrea, U. S. A.

Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio.

The Superintendents detailed will take charge of the Recruiting service in the various states in which they are assigned, on the 1st day of January, 1862.

III. Commanding officers of the Regiments will detail two Commissioned Officers and four Non-Commissioned Officers or privates to report in person to the Superintendents of the Recruiting Service for their respective States on the 1st day of January, 1862, or as soon thereafter as practicable.

The officers and non-commissioned officers will be detailed for



1863

a tour of six months, and will be assigned as recruiting parties to rendezvous by the Superintendents. If found incompetent, they will be released and replaced by others.

By Command of MAJOR GENERAL MCCLELLAN.

L. THOMAS,
Adjutant General.

The detail for recruiting service from the 5th O. V. I. was two officers and four men.

Second Lieutenant, John M. Paver, Company C.

Second Lieutenant, James Timmons, Company I.

Corporal W. B. Heal, Company A.

Private John Ross, Company K.

The other two members of the detail I cannot now recall to my mind. We were ordered to report to the Governor of the State, to whom we reported early in January, 1862, thence to Major N. C. Macrea, of the regular army, more recently of Newport Barracks, who had been assigned as superintendent of the Ohio Recruiting Service, his office being on Third Street, east of Broadway, Cincinnati. Thence, we went to the Elm Street Barracks, which were in charge of Major R. S. Granger, U. S. Army, on parole, having been paroled at San Antonio, Tex., when this fort was captured early in 1861. Lieut. Timmons was sent to Perrysburg, Ohio, and I was detailed as quartermaster, at the barracks. The remainder of the detail was scattered throughout the city, recruiting. Every county, every township had its workers, and every recruit was sent to the rendezvous in Cincinnati. There, they were housed, fed, clothed and drilled, and when a sufficient number had been secured, were sent to regiments that needed them most.

I continued to act as quartermaster at the barracks until early in June, when an order was received abolishing the State Recruiting Service, and all officers and men returned to their several regiments. I was a little longer in getting back to my regiment, as I was detailed by Major Granger to settle up and transfer the property to the Post quartermaster at Cincinnati. This took some time after the closing of the rendezvous. I immediately undertook to find my regiment. The last I had heard of them, they were going down the Shenandoah Valley, they had fought the battle of Port Republic, and after this had become lost. The only logical route to follow to find them was through Washing-

ton, where I arrived as near as I can recollect about the middle of June. Here, I was "held up" for several days, hearing all kinds of reports. Train after train was coming in from the front, loaded with wounded. Constant inquiries did not develop anything satisfactory. The War Department was visited for three days in succession without result, until the last day Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, advised me that if I could get to Warrenton Junction, I might be able to intercept "Shields' Division." I at once took the boat for Alexandria, and thence by the Manassas R. R. went to Warrenton. When I reached this point, I learned from a teamster that my regiment with others of "Shields' Division" was lying at Bristow Station, where I finally found them, and we marched to Alexandria, reaching there the last of June or July 1st. Here I was appointed acting Regimental Quartermaster, and immediately commenced drawing clothing, camp equipage and quartermaster stores, which meant everything from a mule shoe to wagon bows and pieces of harness. I found the regiment in a very dilapidated condition as to clothing, etc., but in a short time, we were in good shape, through a good rest, new clothes, new shoes and "extra rations;" something a soldier does not get in an active campaign.

During the time we were "fitting out" at Alexandria, we learned that the remnants of Fremont's, Banks', McDowell's and Shields' Armies had been consolidated and called the "Army of Virginia" under Pope. "Headquarters in the saddle," "On to Richmond," a "sure thing" via the Rapidan River Route. We remained at Alexandria the greater part of the month of July. About the 25th, we moved towards Warrenton, Virginia, where we secured additional quartermaster stores, such as fresh mules, "green ones" and such fun as we had to get them broken for service. Then to Little Washington. Here our Brigade received additional strength in the shape of two Pennsylvania Regiments, also a new commander, General John W. Geary, who had a record during the "Border Ruffian" Kansas State early history. His speech to the boys of the old Brigade, the 5th, 7th, 29th and 66th Ohio Regiments, was accepted very graciously and afterwards great confidence was put in him, as a commanding officer.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 14, 1862.

To the Officers and Soldiers of the Army of Virginia:

By special assignment of the President of the United States, I have assumed command of this army. * * * I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies; from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary and to beat him when he was found; whose policy has been attack and not defense.

In but one instance has the enemy been able to place our Western armies in defensive attitude. I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily.

I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving. That opportunity I shall endeavor to give you.

Meantime, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases, which I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you.

I hear constantly of "taking strong positions and holding them," of "lines of retreat," and of "bases of supplies." Let us discard such ideas.

The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy. Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before us, and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance, disaster and shame lurk in the rear.

Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever.

JNO. POPE.
Major-General Commanding.

Both this bombastic order of General Pope's and his failure in this campaign, the official records attest; and for want of tact and judgment and bad taste, stands alone as the worst in the history of the War. He boasted of what he had done and what he would do. A few days after the issuing of the circular, "To the Officers and Soldiers" an order from him indicated that his "Headquarters would be in the Saddle" and that the troops should subsist upon

the country. This was an extremely stupid blunder to say the least, for the troops that had been serving in this department, knew that the whole country from Blue Ridge to the Potomac had been overrun with both armies and not a living thing or a spear of grass could be found. To have such an order sent them was convincing proof of the calibre of the man "in the saddle." His orders were received with considerable amusement. There was a lack of respect for his ability, created by this proclamation and subsequent orders to "win distinction." "That opportunity, I shall endeavor to give you," says Pope. His whole command of officers, as well as men, lost faith in him, and classified him as a "Four-Flusher." His career was short and not creditable.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE CEDAR MOUNTAIN—RETROGRADE MOVEMENT.

The "On to Richmond" has now commenced in full earnest. Pope was marching and concentrating his forces as near to the Rapidan River as possible. Lee and Jackson were moving north to intercept Pope. They first came together about five miles south of Slaughter's Mountain, or as most historians have it, Cedar Mountain, and some even call this engagement the Battle of Culpepper Court House, while in reality, it should be "Slaughter's Mountain." The full force of this engagement was on June 9th, 1862. We were in Banks' Division. The battle was fierce, and our regiment lost heavily in both officers and men. At the time of this engagement, the hospital department of each regiment was under the immediate control of the Surgeons of the regiments. The ambulances were in charge of the quartermasters of each regiment, and the duty of taking care of the wounded on battle fields devolved on them. We had two four horse, double-deck, and four two horse, or single ambulances busy all day of the 9th, bringing the wounded soldiers from off the battle field, and taking them to the field hospital.

Our field hospital was located slightly under the protection of the mountain. At different times an enfilading, screeching, screaming fire from the rebel batteries was thrown into us, notwithstanding the red hospital flag was flying. Armstrong, Remley, Kirkup, Neely, Thomas, McKenzie and Yerkes, all wounded officers, hobbled back on sticks, ram-rods, and swords the best they could, to the railroad station at Culpepper and were from there, taken to hospitals at Washington. With them went along many a school boy chum of mine. Our forces fell back from the mountain and made a temporary stand at Culpepper. We succeeded, however, in getting all of our wounded back, and on the trains for Washington. There were many pathetic

and heartrending scenes. The country from Cedar Mountain to Culpepper was desolation itself; strewn with wreckage of a receding army, and the dead carcasses of horses filling the air with foul stench. In some instances where time had been taken huge fires made of fence rails were built over their dead bodies, to hasten, in a sanitary way, their destruction.

The "On to Richmond" via Rapidan River Route enterprise was turned into a general retreat in less than thirty days from the time that Pope issued his bombastic order. Instead of the Union soldiers singing "On to Richmond," and "We'll Hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree," the rebel soldiers were singing, "Maryland, My Maryland" and "We're Getting thar very Fast." The 10th and 11th of August were taken up in gathering the wounded that had been placed in the churches, school houses and at other points in Culpepper to the railroad station, to be sent to Washington. Just two months previous to a day, our army had been defeated at Port Republic, and now, to be punished again in a like manner, was very humiliating and discouraging.

Only after Pope's outrageous failure, retreating and fighting all the way from the Rapidan to the fortifications of Washington, did he comprehend that he had over-estimated his ability. Once under the protection of the fortifications, Pope asked to be released from duty. The army, the public, and the world at large, hailed his retirement with satisfaction. With his release, the army of Virginia passed out of existence, and its corps were attached to the Army of the Potomac. Following this up, there was much confusion, the army still falling back, and about the time we passed through Centerville, I was taken to the hospital at Alexandria, with a case of intermittent fever, contracted during the strenuous life that I had experienced since my return from city duty. I had been threatened with fever for several days, and could hold out no longer. This was about the last of August. I remained here until I was convalescent and rejoined my regiment after the battle of Antietam, at Harper's Ferry.

CHAPTER V.

RECONNOISANCE TO WINCHESTER—RECONNOISANCE TO CHARLESTOWN—MUD MARCH TO DUMFRIES—SKIRMISH WITH STUART'S CAVALRY.

December 6th, we were out on a little reconnoisance to Winchester, and wound up by having a little skirmish at Charlestown on the 7th. Returning to Boliver Heights, we remained a few days and on December 10th, took up our march to join General Hooker's forces near Fredericksburg. The weather had been very bad. The rains had made the roads almost impassable, especially when the wheels of so many hundred wagons were "churning them up." The wagons were very heavily ladened. The tents were wet, and frozen just enough to make them disagreeable to handle. We had great trouble in getting through to Dumfries, Virginia. We arrived muddy, wet and weary, about December 17th, and went into winter quarters. About December 27th, the troublesome rebel General Stuart attacked our camp a short time after noon, and kept up the fight until dark. He annoyed us first by attacking us on the south side, and then swinging around and attacking us on the north side of our camp. The skirmish, I will say (it could hardly be called a battle), was short and sweet. Nevertheless one full battery of six guns, and four fragments of regiments on our side, and two guns and about two hundred men on the rebel side, constituted the engaging forces, as far as I can recollect, at this late day. We lost, in killed, Lieut. Walker, and Private Le-Force of Company "G."

The next incident was while I was visiting Brigade Headquarters with Colonel Candy commanding the brigade. We noticed a "White Flag" across the bayou, which was directly in front of Headquarters. The signal was answered, and a rebel Major was escorted to Colonel Candy for an interview. The

object of the visit was ostensibly to get a survey of the surroundings and see how strong we were. In retiring, he made a request for quinine. Rather bold, after the short time before, when he had been shelling us with grape and canister. When asked why he made this request, he answered in a most gentlemanly and polished manner that, "The exigencies of the case demand it." He returned under the white flag to the outpost, Colonel Candy having furnished him the necessary medicine.

The winter of 1862 and 1863 was spent in quarters at Dumfries, Virginia. The failure of McClellan before Richmond, the Pope and Burnside disasters of 1862, had brought us down to Dumfries in a wornout condition. The morale of the army were not of the best. The President's Proclamation, to take effect on New Year's Day, 1863, abolishing slavery, caused a decided sensation among the soldiers. Our regiment was a city raised organization, and was bitterly opposed to the negro's freedom. In one instance, a captain conspired for and secured a suit of civilian clothes and boldly left camp, making no attempt to conceal his identity. He never returned, and just how the War Department Records have his name, I know not, but it should be, "deserted in the face of the enemy."

General Joseph Hooker assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, January 26, 1863, and established his Headquarters at Stafford C. H. We were camped about twelve miles from Army Headquarters. The condition of the whole army was a much disorganized one when Hooker took command. The months of January, February, March and April were used in maturing new plans, refitting, and replenishing clothing and transportation. The number of wagons was reduced for each regiment. Officers' baggage was reduced to the lowest limit.

As winter wore away and spring opened, this gave new life and new energy. On April 26th, Hooker issued orders to the army to move. On April 29th, our corps, the 12th, under General H. W. Slocum, crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford—destination, Chancellorsville. How this place secured the name is perplexing. Chancellorsville was a characteristic southern village, consisting of one house, at the junction of two roads, (Gordonville turnpike, and the Orange Court House plank road) very respectable in appearance, and with a few outbuildings that had been negro quarters. I said our destination was Chancellorsville, but we did not reach there for a couple of days. The trans-

portation or wagon trains did not cross the Rappahannock. They kept on the north side of the river, and parked at "United States" Ford, where a pontoon bridge had been built.

An order from General Hooker prohibited all wagons to cross the river, only in cases of emergency, such as hospital wagons and ambulances. During our stay at Dumfries pack saddles had been issued to us, and here at United States Ford, we used them to get rations to our regiment. Rations were issued and packed to them under great difficulty. Sometimes we could reach them in a few hours. At other times, it took all day, the changing of position making it difficult to get their location. Many times we found ourselves in the midst of enfilading fires, from which we escaped under the first cover. Mules are stubborn "critters" and when they are surrounded with such noise and excitement as was found here, it was a hard job to keep them from stampeding. The Regimental Commissary Sergeant, and the Wagon Master, under my supervision, had charge of the delivery of the rations.

The long winter rest had an influence on us in stimulating confidence in our leaders. My experience was of such a peculiar character that it made a lasting impression upon me. The strength of our army was, by the actual field reports, much larger than the rebel army, and what was most humiliating was to be defeated by an army of so much inferiority.

May 2nd, 1863, (Saturday) a day of unusual activity, our wagons were parked on the river bank, overlooking the pontoons at United States Ford. We had the opportunity of witnessing regiments and divisions crossing, heading towards Chancellorsville. Sunday, May 3rd, 1863, we received orders to get our pack mules ready and proceed without delay with three days rations for our men. On our way to Division Headquarters, we encountered much disorder. Regiments, brigades and divisions having changed positions, made it difficult to find our regiment. At last it was found, and the rations delivered and the pack train ordered back to camp. I was detained temporarily at Division Headquarters. Everything was excitement. "Stonewall" Jackson was passing to our extreme right to attack our flank. The 11th corps, commanded by General Howard, had been informed many times during the day that Jackson was making a "detour" to attack his flank, but he paid no attention whatever to the information. About five o'clock Jackson made

the attack, and then it was that the 11th corps was so demoralized that a stampede followed. The 12th corps was brought up to intercept the fleeing men, but met with little success.

A large part of the 11th corps was of German organization and had been very much attached to General Sigel, who but a short time before had been removed from his command. This removal had greatly displeased the Germans and added a great deal to the demoralizing effect. The 5th day of May, 1863, brought with it a feeling of despondency. Our Army was retiring to the north bank of the Rappahannock. Our regiment had lost heavily. Some of our best officers and men had perished. Our Lieut. Colonel, (Kilpatrick) had been severely wounded in the right arm and left thigh. As he crossed the pontoon bridge, riding his horse, led by his ever-faithful orderly, John Evans, we intercepted him and everything that the quartermaster's department could do was done to relieve him.

A consultation of medical officers decided that to save his life an amputation was necessary. Two wall tents are thrown up; a canopy is made of the flys; a dissecting or operating table is hurriedly made of some empty boxes and the tail gates of wagons. The Colonel is placed there, and now comes the most agonizing experience of my whole army life. I had seen many men mangled by shot and shell, but this was a case of a very dear friend. His arm was terribly mangled, and it must be amputated. I am brought face to face with a surgical operation, something that I had shunned from the first. Here, indeed, was a severe test of my nerve. I braced myself for the ordeal. The Colonel was quickly placed under the influence of ether, and there, though displaying the red hospital flag, shells were constantly dropping and exploding close around us. It was my unpleasant duty to hold the forceps that kept the patient's tongue from shrinking back into the throat, an event that would have resulted fatally. Thus far, so good, but as soon as the surgeons made the first incision, I felt my strength failing me, and I called my friend, Tom Folger, to take my place. I was down. I lost my balance; the fact was, I fainted. How long I remained thus, I cannot recall, probably only a few minutes; on regaining my senses, I found myself (outwardly) in a very damp condition from the effect of a couple of canteens of water having been generously used in bringing me to. As I opened my eyes I found my contraband, Elijah Ruffin, standing over me with a canteen of "Commissary"

(not water.) That night, we hurried the Colonel to Acquia Creek, and with him sent his man "Friday," with a canteen of whiskey, for an emergency. This scamp drank the whiskey himself, in fact, got beastly drunk and lay by the roadside and the Colonel went through to Acquia Creek without servant and without whiskey. This is the last I ever saw of this fellow. The Colonel afterwards told me how he acted, so that my statement can be taken as truthful.

The overly-reliable sentiment expressed in Hooker's order that "The army hailed with satisfaction, etc., etc.," is shown by the disgust that even the mules hee-hawed, hee-hawed at the bunko order, and the "poor whip-poor-will" bird cried aloud, "Hooker's Whipped, Hooker's Whipped." The birds of the air, and the beasts of the field felt the depression of our defeat. The speechless mule, that poor, thick-headed beast of burden, whose heels were always ready for a kick, and whose sides had stood the assault of "Black Snakes," branches of trees and army boots, was justified in braying out his dismay.

The closing scene of our experience at the ford was getting our wounded back to Acquia Creek. It was still storming, and the river was swollen and rising rapidly, and the stragglers were streaming across the pontoons, until it became a very dangerous feat to cross. The pontoons finally broke loose, and many a poor fellow was left on the south side of the Rappahannock to his fate. I have no knowledge of any member of our Regiment being left. The Congressional committee on the conduct of the war says that the causes of Hooker's failure at Chancellorsville were,

First. "The stampede of the 11th Corps, May 2nd."

Second. "Injury of General Hooker, May 3rd."

Third. "Failure of General Sedgwick to carry out orders to fall on the rear of Lee's forces, Monday, May 3rd."

Fourth. "Entire failure of General Stoneman's cavalry to perform the part assigned him; i. e., cut off Lee's communication with Richmond."

Leaving the United States Ford on the Rappahannock about May 7th, where our trains had been parked since the 1st, our course was due north. "The Army of the Potomac had *not* been beaten, but its commander had." The close of the battle of Chancellorsville found the Union Army still strong in numbers, but a little dismayed. Reorganization was necessary. Once

more our brigade took a position in the vicinity of Stafford Court House, remaining in camp until early in June. About the middle of the month, we moved up toward Fairfax Court House, then to Drainsville, thence to Leesburg; from Leesburg via Edward's Ferry to Monocacy, then to Frederick, Maryland, thence to Farmington and Bruceville. We had been retrograding and protecting our flanks with occasional skirmishes, and chasing Lee's army to the North. When we arrived at Frederick, we found our army in much confusion. All the roads leading toward Gettysburg were full of troops hurrying toward the battlefield. The department at Washington had, for several weeks, been quarreling with the commander of the army (Gen. Joseph Hooker) and he had become so exasperated that he had requested to be relieved from his command of the Army of the Potomac. This request was granted, and during the passing of our army through Frederick, General Hooker addressed us from the balcony of the hotel, telling how difficult it was to do business with Washington, and saying in substance: "That it took twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four to do business with Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, and only two hours to maneuver the Army of the Potomac." This ended Hooker's career with the Potomac Army. Many petty persecutions characterized the actions of the department towards good, faithful, competent officers, one of whom was certainly Major General Joseph Hooker.

General Meade succeeded Hooker about the last of June. The army was by this time, moving rapidly. Frederick was the base of supplies. We were moved each day closer to the battlefield, as near as it would permit, with our supply train, keeping in touch with our command, ready to furnish rations and ammunition, part of the time on the Emmitsburg road, and part of the time on the Tannytown road. Of the actual three days of fighting around Gettysburg, on July 2d, 3d and 4th, General Meade sums up the events in his address to the army on the morning of July 4th, 1863, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC.

Near Gettysburg, July 4.

The Commanding General, in behalf of the country, thanks the Army of the Potomac for the glorious result of the recent operations.

Our enemy, superior in numbers, and flushed with the pride of

successful invasion, attempted to overcome or destroy this army. Utterly baffled and defeated, he has now withdrawn from the contest. The privations and the fatigue the army has endured and the heroic courage and gallantry it has displayed, will be matters of history to be ever remembered. Our task is not yet accomplished, and the Commanding General looks to the army for greater efforts to drive from the soil every vestige of the presence of the invader.

It is right and proper that we should on suitable occasion return our grateful thanks to the Almighty Disposer of Events, that in the goodness of His Providence, He has thought fit to give victory to the cause of the just.

By command of MAJOR GENERAL MEADE.

S. WILLIAMS,
A. A. General.

After the battle, (July 4th) where both armies had practically exhausted themselves, the rebel army was shown to be the most severely punished, yet they were permitted to escape, when, if vigorously followed up, the remnant of Lee's army could have been annihilated, or captured. General Meade has been severely criticised because he showed no desire to continue the struggle. In fact, he did not exhibit any disposition to pursue until Lee had gotten well on towards the Potomac river.

On our return through Frederick on the National Road, a good macadamized thoroughfare, just west of the town, we were treated to a slight change in the scene by seeing hanging to a "persimmon" tree, the body of an almost naked man, the fragment of a dirty shirt still left on him. Report had it that Averill's Cavalry had captured him as a spy and strung him up in great shape. Pieces of his garments had been clipped as mementos until nothing was left. His body was getting very much decomposed. This was the last we saw of him.

CHAPTER VI.

RETURN TO VIRGINIA—OCEAN TRIP TO NEW YORK—WESTERN TRIP.

The losses to the army in 1863 at Cedar Mountain and Gettysburg, were so great and the return of many of the two-year regiments, had reduced the fighting strength to a point that was giving considerable anxiety to the country, as well as the Department at Washington.

In our pursuit of the rebel army, during its retreat to Virginia, our corps retraced its steps. About the 16th of July, at or near Sandy Hook, going to Pleasant Valley, crossing the Potomac at Harper's Ferry to Snickersville to Ashby Gap, then through Thoroughfare Gap to Warrenton Junction, and then to a point on the Manassas railroad, arriving the latter part of July. The draft in New York was meeting with opposition. A short time after reaching the banks of the Rappahannock on our return from Gettysburg, an order was received that two brigades of western troops, tried and true, weatherbeaten and rugged, be odered to New York City to suppress the riot, if called upon, and it might be said right here that the Department had by this time, become much alarmed.

About August 20th or 25th, four regiments of our brigade, (5th, 7th, 29th and 66th Ohio) were selected and took the cars at Cattletts Station, for Alexandria. In making this move, we were ordered to turn over all of our wagons and mules and surplus horses. Here comes a scramble. Out transportation outfit, (5th O. V. I.) was of the best. My drivers had scoured the quartermaster's department for the best mules, and, as soldiers are not overly conscientious, "pressed in" or "swiped" many a good one. Ours was the envy of the Brigade, Division and Corps quartermasters. Giving them up was like parting with old friends. Captain Parker of General Geary's Headquarters got the best. The two remaining regiments of our brigade, 28th and

147th Pennsylvania, were left in camp with General Geary. It was thought best to not take eastern troops to suppress a riot in an eastern state. Arriving at Alexandria, we laid around the streets until we were ready to embark. The big, black paddle-wheel North Atlantic Steamship, "Baltic," lay out in the Potomac River, opposite the ferry landing, to take us "somewhere," not known then.

After a good many delays, mishaps, with carousing, drunken men, we got everything and everybody aboard, weighed anchor, and went slowly and cautiously down the river, feeling our way carefully, as this big steamship was drawing all the water in the river. Every employe, from captain down to stokers, were foreigners of the very worst kind, and were not friendly to our cause. The pilot was a southerner, and when about half way out of the river, our big boat went aground at a place called the "Kettle Bottom" Shoals, it was with great difficulty that we kept our men from murdering him, as he was looked upon as a southern spy or sympathizer, and it was suspected that he had run the boat aground purposely. Lighters were brought down from Alexandria and we laid in this mud flat for several days, giving our boys ample time for salt water bathing. After getting afloat again and going slowly down the river to Chesapeake Bay into deep water, we could, with the assistance of glasses, see Fortress Monroe, and the harbor with shipping of all styles, and, at this particular time none other than the American flag flying. As we came close to the mouth of the harbor we dropped our pilot, and took to the deep and mighty, rolling Atlantic.

Up to the present time, the pleasure of being on the water had been enjoyed by every one. As we got farther and farther away from the sight of land, the big ship began to be more boisterous. The waves were commencing to run mountain high. The lunging and surging of the ship, rising high one minute and the next diving apparently to the bottom of the sea, caused much disturbance in the stomachs of every one. Officers, as well as privates were "heaving Jonah" or vomiting all over everything and everybody. Some of the boys were very sick, moaning and groaning, apparently in the last stages of dissolution.

A little bunch of officers of our regiment, of which I was a central figure, had made particular preparations, anticipating the evil effects of an ocean trip. A good supply of lemons and Scotch whiskey had been secured before leaving Alexandria.

The weatherbeaten old Scotchmen who were in our party did not suffer much. The writer had a slight touch of nausea, but with the stimulants, pulled through fairly well. Finally, we sighted land once more, and how glad we felt! In due time, we came to anchor outside of the harbor at New York City, and signaled for a pilot. Waiting several hours, we proceeded up through the Narrows, passing the forts in great shape, until we arrived at Governor's Island, where we disembarked and camped. This was the commencement of a great experience. On one side the great city with its towering steeples and high buildings; on the other, the great channel, or water gateway for the shipping of the world. These were great sights to us Westerners, and as one of the young fellows who had roughed it for two years, now, to be surrounded by such luxuries, I wish to say that I took advantage of my opportunities. Giving my quartermaster sergeant instructions and signing a goodly supply of ration blanks, I left in company with the assistant surgeon of our regiment for two days "leave" to see the sights. Well, it is safe to say *that we did see the sights.* On this trip, I was the banker of our regiment. I was the only officer who had money of any amount. While lying at Alexandria, I went up to Washington, on *leave of absence,* "fixed up" for the occasion, and succeeded in getting two months' pay, and when I returned, I was flush. In New York City I loaned many of the officers money. Some of it was never repaid. We remained in New York until about September 8th, when our return trip commenced. We had not been called into service to suppress any uprising or riot.

We arrived back at Alexandria, about the 12th of September. September 13th we marched to Fairfax, thence to Manassas, thence to Warrenton Junction, thence to Brandy Station, thence to Raccoon Ford, and went into camp with our old division.

September 18th we witnessed the execution of two deserters from a New York regiment. At Warrenton Junction, we were turned loose in the wagon yards and mule pens to select transportations; to us, this was anything but a pleasant job, after only three weeks had passed since we surrendered some of the finest teams in the service. We did not complete the task. September 24th we were ordered to take the cars, and without secrecy, it was announced that we were going West, to help the boys under Rosecrans. Our route was through Washington City, via B. & O. R. R. to the Ohio River, thence through Columbus, Ohio, Indian-

apolis, Louisville, Nashville to Murfreesboro, Tenn. At Bellaire, I took "French Leave" and went direct to Cincinnati, Ohio, stayed over night, saw my people, and "best girl" and went on next day to Louisville, by mail boat. From Louisville down to Nashville everything was in a turmoil. The movement of 23,000 men, with all the artillery, ammunition, baggage, etc., 1,192 miles in seven days was a great undertaking. The road from Louisville to Nashville, and thence to Murfreesboro, and all the way to Bridgeport was over the U. S. Military railroad, and was very rough. We made stops at Wartrace, Bell Buckle, Normandy and Stevenson, before reaching Bridgeport.

From Murfreesboro our duty was bridge guarding, watching for guerrillas and bushwhackers. Shelbyville, Normandy, Wartrace, Deckard and Stevenson were places that received our attention. The transporting of all the supplies for a large army over a single track railroad, like the Nashville & Chattanooga, during the war, was an undertaking too large for its resources. Nashville was headquarters for quartermaster stores, and everything in the way of mules and wagons had to be supplied from this place. We came from the eastern army fresh, without a strap, saddle or buckle, and in this condition we found ourselves distributed along this one-track railroad. Nothing with which to transport our rations from supply point to each company station.

Normandy was headquarters for the regiment from October 11th to 28th. Wagons were absolutely necessary and the division quartermaster, Captain Parker, summoned all regimental quartermasters to meet him at Nashville, about the middle of October. This was done, and here is where our trouble began. Transportation, (wagons and mules) was secured, and loaded with clothing, rations, and other stores, and after many vexatious delays, we started with a train of over 100 wagons, civilians as wagonmasters and teamsters, and these of the worst element that we had ever encountered. Thieves, bums, loafers and bounty jumpers were our only help for that long and tedious trip over the Cumberland Mountains, to Stevenson and Bridgeport, Alabama.

Leaving Nashville with our immense wagon train about the middle of October, 1863, we took a southeasterly course through Shelbyville to Dechard. Thus far, the roads were in fair condition, and the country was level. We had traveled up to this time, some six days. At Dechard, the railroad goes through the moun-

tains and the wagon road, over the backbone of the Cumberland range. We worked two days with green mules and stubborn drivers, and heavily loaded wagons, getting to the top of the mountain. We commenced to descend on the opposite, or western slope, and such an experience! Wreck upon wreck. Dead mules everywhere. Quartermaster stores, clothing, rations, all strewn broadcast. The loss to the government will never be known. We were three days crossing the range, and finally reached Stevenson, ten miles from Bridgeport. Our trip from Nashville to Bridgeport, 120 miles, consumed the time until about the first of November, 1863.

Once at Bridgeport, and once more with our command, we were hailed with a great deal of joy in some sections and in others with "kicking" to beat the band. You know that a soldier, if with nothing else to do, can grumble and complain. We, ourselves, thought we had reason to grumble, but no! We were the target, and we were thoroughly punctured, but we lived through it.

Shortly after our arrival, which was about November 1st, 1863, we were ordered forward with three days' rations. This really meant for six days, as everything was on half rations. Leaving Bridgeport with considerable anxiety on our minds, we crossed the railroad bridge, which had been planked for troops and teams, passing Shellmound, and Whitesides, camping at Wauhatchie. After several days of fighting and skirmishing, we crossed the Tennessee River at Brown's Ferry, camping on Moccasin Point. Transportation in bad condition; mules eating everything in sight, not stopping at wagon poles and wagon covers. We had been without a pot of bean soup for so long that we were "fighting hungry." Finding about a quart of beans in the feed box of Tom Watts' wagon, the next thing was, pork to "sweeten" it. We were camping on an abandoned rebel camp ground, and we sent our contraband out to see what he could find in this camp. Much to our joy and surprise, he came back with the ribs of a "razor-back" hog, dug up in the rebel camp. We gave the bones a hot water bath, and then commenced making bean soup. And, talk about hungry men! Here was a bunch sitting around "watching the pot boil." In due time we got our share, and how well I remember that meal! A big cup of bean soup and a handful of "hard tack."

We lay here until the rebels were routed from Lookout Moun-

tain, when we crossed over to the mainland again, and kept up with our command. The assault on Lookout was November 23d, 24th and 25th. The "cracker line" was opened. After the advance as far as Ringgold, we returned to Bridgeport for winter quarters.

Serving as quartermaster, the greater part of my service, attached to the business part of the army, thus gave me opportunities for obtaining vivid experiences. The officers detached in different departments of the service, such as quartermasters, commissaries, inspectors and medical department, were not looked upon as a part of the fighting strength of the army, but nevertheless, they had many hazardous undertakings. Their duties were well and faithfully performed, with credit to themselves, and honor to the Cause.

With all of our hardships, many amusing incidents happened. The wagon train was the rounding-up place for all stragglers, bums and "coffee-coolers," shirkers of their duties as soldiers, cowardly fellows who always wanted to be detailed as wagon guards, teamsters or attendants in the hospital department. Our duties kept us close up to our command, and we had very little use for these classes of fellows.

The "Battle above the clouds" was the culmination of efforts put forward by the consolidation of the military division of Ohio, Cumberland and Tennessee, the result being the capture of the mountain, opening of the "cracker line" via Wauhatchie Valley, the relief of Chattanooga, and driving of the rebel army beyond Ringgold, Georgia. The winter of 1863 was spent in preparing for spring work, 1864. The 20th Army Corps was wintering in Lookout Valley. The 2d, "Geary's White Star Division," was camped at Bridgeport.

CHAPTER VII.

VETERANIZATION—LEAVING BRIDGEPORT—ARRIVING AT CINCINNATI—REORGANIZATION AT CAMP DENNISON—RETURN TO THE FRONT—A NEW SUTLER.

In June, 1863, the War Department issued an order, offering as an inducement for re-enlistment, a thirty-day furlough, an extra month's pay, and $402 as a bounty.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Adjutant General's Office.

WASHINGTON, June 25, 1863.

General Orders, No. 191.

FOR RECRUITING VETERAN VOLUNTEERS.

In order to increase the armies now in the field, volunteer infantry, cavalry and artillery may be enlisted at any time within ninety days from this date, in the respective States, under the regulations hereinafter mentioned. The volunteers so enlisted, and such of the three years' troops now in the field as may re-enlist in accordance with the provisions of this order, will constitute a force to be designated "Veteran Volunteers." The regulations for enlisting this force are as follows:

I. The period of service for the enlistments and re-enlistments above mentioned shall be for three years, or during the war.

II. All able-bodied men, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, who have heretofore been enlisted, and have served for a period of not less than nine months, and can pass the examination required by the mustering regulations of the United States may be enlisted under this order as Veteran Volunteers, in accordance with the provisions hereinafter set forth.

III. Every volunteer enlisted and mustered into service as a

Veteran under this order, shall be enlisted to receive from the United States, one month's pay in advance, and a bounty and premium of four hundred and two ($402) dollars.

* * * * * * * * * * *

VIII. After the expiration of ninety days from this date volunteers serving in three years' organizations, who may re-enlist for three years or the war, shall be entitled to the aforesaid bounty and premium of $402, to be paid in the manner herein provided for other troops re-entering the service. The new term will commence from date of re-enlistment.

* * * * * * * * * * *

X. As soon after the expiration of their original terms of enlistment as the exigencies of the service will permit, a furlough of thirty days will be granted to men who may re-enlist in accordance with the provisions of this order.

By Order of THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

D. E. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Between June and December, 1863, we were engaged in an active, vigorous and progressive campaign, and no time to reorganize presented itself. Lying in winter quarters at Bridgeport in December, however, the subject of re-enlistment was opened up. Every officer was expected to use his best influence. Officers were not required to veteranize, as their commissions were for three years from date and promotions were practically new terms of service. Every inducement imaginable was held out to the men. Privates were promised Corporalships. Corporals were to be Sergeants, and Sergeants were to be Lieutenants. As soon as our regiment succeeded in getting enough re-enlistments to maintain the regimental organization, the field and staff, and colors, together with company officers numbering all told 231, left Bridgeport January 27, 1864, via rail for Cincinnati, arriving at the O. & M. R. R. Co. depot, February 1st, 1864. We were met by a delegation of citizens who escorted us through the principal streets of the city until we reached Mozart Hall, or the Grand Opera House, corner of Vine and Longworth Streets, where a reception was held. After this was over, the boys "broke ranks" for thirty days.

Headquarters were established in the basement of the hall, and

here I distributed clothing during our stay in the city. The remainder of the furlough can be told by each survivor, as to how he put in his time. The writer can say briefly, however, that the full measure of enjoyment of his furlough was taken. Toward the end of our furlough, March 1st, 1864, a grand Farewell Ball and Flag Presentation was given the veterans of the regiment, at the hall in Mechanics' Institute, corner of Vine and Sixth Streets. Everybody was there, and everybody's girl also. This was the *Grand Finale* before going to camp again.

I was married February 18th, 1864, to Miss Augusta W. Zoiner of Cincinnati, and besides the members of her family, Colonel Patrick, Dr. Tibbals and my faithful contraband, Elijah Ruffin, were witnesses to the ceremony. I will not say that I regret being married at this time, but it would have been better had we delayed it until after the close of the war. One of the considerations of the contract was that I would not re-enlist, and that I would return at the expiration of my service. This I did on the 19th of June, 1864, and was mustered out July 4, 1864, at Cincinnati. Some severe criticisms were made because I refused to accept a promotion to a Captaincy, while at Camp Dennison, reorganizing. In explanation of this to Colonel Patrick, I had informed him of my promise to my young wife, that I would retire after the expiration of my time. This was satisfactory to him, but not to Major Symmes, who had me listed for a Captaincy, as well as promotions for others. My name was sent to the Governor and my commission came, but was returned with endorsement, "promotion declined." This did not please Symmes. By retiring at this time, I missed the most eventful period of the war, viz: "The March to the Sea" and the "Grand Review" in Washington City, at the close. This, I have always regretted.

At the expiration of the furlough, we were ordered to Camp Dennison to reorganize. Many recruits were secured, and many promotions were made, and we left for the front March 23d, arriving back at Bridgeport about March 26th, 1864. We took up our old quarters. The nonveterans appeared to enjoy our coming back. Every one had stories to tell of the time spent at home. We were not long in falling into our regular routine of camp life. Right here, I would like to record this little incident.

While in Cincinnati, Colonel Patrick made a contract with a Jew by the name of Billigheimer to be our sutler. It was not generally known while in the city, but shortly after our return to

Bridgeport, the monotony of camp life was broken by the appearance of the Jew with a stock of goods. How he succeeded, and what "scheming" he did to enable him to run the "blockade," never was known. He opened up in the freight car at first, and everybody far and wide, (within division lines) took advantage of his presence. He was the first sutler we had had since the days of old John Hunt, "Apple Butter John" as he was best known. Billigheimer, "to make good with the Colonel," smuggled a cask of "Nashville Best Brew" through in his car. Enough is known that it came through all right and was "consumed." To show our genuine hospitality, the Colonel suggested to the quartermaster (Paver) that he invite a few officers from brigade, division and regimental headquarters. Following the Colonel's suggestion, the invitations were sent and I believe it entirely superfluous to say that they were most heartily and quickly accepted. I shall never forget the occasion. Beer and wit flowed in quantities to suit. The quartermaster of the 5th Ohio became "renowned." The festivities were kept up until midnight. Everybody was more or less feeling the effects of the entertainment, so much so, that General Geary threatened us with arrest, unless the "lights were put out immediately." That ended the fun.

CHAPTER VIII.

FORWARD MOVEMENT 1864—CHANGE IN CORP ORGANIZATION—BATTLE OF MILL CREEK, GEORGIA—BATTLE OF RESACA, GEORGIA—CAPTURE OF FOUR GUN BATTERY—ADVANCE PUMPKIN VINE CREEK—DEATH OF COLONEL PATRICK.

When the movement early in May commenced, all unnecessary baggage was left behind, and five days rations were issued at a time. Light marching orders had been issued. Tent flys for officers, shelter tents for the men, one pack mule with cooking utensils for officers' messes, two wagons with rations for men and horses, were the allowances for regiments. The general supply trains were limited to carrying food, ammunition, clothing and tools.

During our stay at Bridgeport, some slight changes had been made in the organization of our corp—the 11th and 12th, with Major General Butterfield's and Major General Ward's divisions, were consolidated with us, and made the 20th under the command of Major-General Joe Hooker. About May 3rd, we pulled stakes, moved out, passing Lookout Mountain, to Ringgold, Ga., and reaching Mill Creek, Ga., about the 11th. Here occurred a severe contest, a repulse with considerable loss. About three days after this, we had moved up close toward Reseca, where the great battle for the Four Gun Battery took place. Much has been written as to whom the honor of digging them out belonged. The records of the War Department clearly decrees that honor to be the 5th Ohio Vol. Infantry's. I quote from the report. "The guns remained between the armies until night, when they were taken out and brought off by a detachment of the 5th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, under Colonel Kilpatrick." During all this time, our supply train was within speaking distance of head quarters. The guns were taken during the night to Division Head Quarters. By early morning, the rebel army had retired and

with comrade Tom Folger, I rode up into the deserted and demolished earth works.

The Army continued to advance as far as Cassville, where we halted for a few days for rest, and from here, all sick and disabled ones were sent to the rear. About the 20th of May, we crossed the Etowah River, and about the 25th, we were at or near Pumpkin Vine Creek. Before crossing the creek and while our command was temporarily at rest under arms, I was summoned to report to Colonel Patrick for consultation. As I approached to where he was sitting alone, waiting for me to report, the sharp shooters caught sight of me, and many a whizzing ball came uncomfortably close. I was hailed by the boys to look out, or "they would get me." Reporting to the Colonel, I found him in a deep study, and the first words he said were, "I have a presentiment that during the next advance, and to which all indications point for its being a hard fight, I believe I won't get through," saying which he handed me some rings and little trinkets that had belonged to his wife, giving me instructions as to whom they should be sent, should his presentiment of death prove true. We did not talk long. The command went forward and I retired to my post of duty. The attack was followed by grape and canister, and it was getting toward night and raining. In this advance, our Colonel received a mortal wound from a canister shot, his horse having been killed about the same time. His body was taken care of, and under the escort of Private Samuel Hall Company C, was sent North, and afterwards was buried in Wesleyan Cemetery, Cincinnati, Ohio. General Sherman speaking of the engagement says, "Geary's White Star division was the leading division in this movement. The night was very dark, raining hard, and much confusion." All reports, all records of the Atlanta Campaign from Bridgeport, November 1863, to Atlanta, 1864, show conclusively that the 2nd division, 20th Army corps, was continuously and actively engaged. There is only one solution to this. They were fighters who came from the eastern army.

After leaving Pumpkin Vine Creek, and advancing each day until we had reached Big Shanty, about June 7th, we remained until the 12th, when an order was received, ordering the non-veterans, whose terms of service had about expired, to Chattanooga, to be mustered out, under the command of Lieut. Colonel R. L. Kilpatrick. One officer from each company was instructed

to go as far as Chattanooga, and make out the rolls, and then return to their command. Shortly after they had gone, I received the following order, and overtook them at Chattanooga, remaining until the rolls were made, and making all necessary arrangements for transportation to Cincinnati. Before leaving Big Shanty, I transferred all the quarter master stores to Lieut. Alex. Mott. Sergeant Joseph L. Gaul, Company C was made Commissary Sergeant, and Peter A. Cozine, Company K was made Quarter Master Sergeant.

(Here follows my order.)

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND.

BIG SHANTY, GA., June 12th, 1864.

Special Field Order 160:

EXTRACT.

VI. 1st Lieut. *J. M. Paver,* R. Q. M., 5th Ohio Infty. will be relieved from duty in this Department on the 15th Inst, and accompany that portion of his Regiment whose terms of service expired at that time, to Ohio, for the purpose of being mustered out.

The Quarter Master's Dep'm't will furnish the necessary transportation.

By Command of Major-General Thomas.

1st Lieut. J. M. Paver,
R. Q. M. 5th Ohio Infty.

WM. D. WHIPPLES,
Assistant Adjutant Genl.

The men going home at this time did not represent the regular organization, as it was in the field. The non-veterans were mustered out at Chattanooga, June 20th, 1864, receiving their final pay a few days later, at Cincinnati. I have been unable to secure a strictly accurate or exact report of those who did not veteranize, but from correspondence along this question, with a number of the boys, it is safe to say that the number was between 225 and 250. A great reception awaited them, being escorted through the city to Mozart Hall, and here the jollification reached its highest pitch. One thing I recollect was that while Colonel Kilpatrick and myself were traveling with the men from Chatta-

nooga, there was no controlling them, and each man was apparently his own commander. They had been mustered out and were free, while the Colonel and myself were still officers in the service.

I was mustered out in Cincinnati, July 4th, 1864, and after having worn the blue uniform for over three years, I felt a little queer to be once more clad in civilian clothes. I did not attempt to keep a tally on the total number of miles that I passed over from my enlistment until my muster-out, nor search any records to obtain this, as it does not figure as an essential fact.

CHAPTER IX.

FINAL REMARKS—CORRESPONDENCE.

During the years that have passed and those that will pass until the last Union Soldier shall pass away, his right to criticism will be shown. I am liberal enought to say that his motives were good, and he was a child of circumstances, sworn to uphold the institutions of his Country, protect the flag and obey orders. Jealousy characterized the actions of many officers, as well as enlisted men toward each other. Severe criticisms were made throughout the entire service. There are names of men on the rolls who never did any real active service during the war; nevertheless, they are getting the same pension, in some instances more, than what is being paid to men who went through the entire war. But, their object was a good one. They took the oath and were subject to the conditions of the hour and yet there will be grumbling and growling as long as a Union Soldier lives. Much has been said about the characteristics of different members of the regiment. It might be well to quote the following:

"There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly becomes any of us
To talk about the rest of us."

I will quote one verse from an original poem by Dr. John Clark Ridpath.

"On old Cedar Mountain's side,
  By Rappahannock's tide
At Antietam's bloody bridge,
  On the Cemetery Ridge,
From the Tennessee's red banks,
  Hard on Johnston's broken flanks,
To Atlanta's walls and through,
  Marched the men that wore the blue."

In answer to a letter from me, the Adjutant General of Ohio, February 14th, 1906, says: "Report of the Adjutant General of Ohio for the year 1864 shows that 127 members of the 5th O. V. I. re-enlisted as Veteran Volunteers. The Veteran Credit Record bears the names of 131 men, which is probably nearer correct."

I have been unable to secure the exact number that did not veteranize, but statements received from many of my comrades all declare that the number that *did* veteranize was nearer 231 than —as the Adjutant General has it—only 131.

I have written my own personal recollections, and *no one's else.* I am fully aware that *no three* witnesses ever agreed on all the details of the operations of any particular affair. To bear me out in this assertion, I quote right here something General Sherman says in his memoirs: "In this free Country, every man is at perfect liberty to publish his own thoughts and impressions, and every witness who may differ from me, should publish his own version of facts in a truthful narration, in which he is interested."

I gratefully acknowledge favors from those who have so kindly refreshened dim spots in my memory of those long past days and take pleasure in naming among them Captain Stephen Coddington, Captain Alex. Mott, Captain Joseph L. Gaul, Lieutenant Timmons, Major Gaskill, Comrade William H. Knight, Comrade John B. Hoffman, Colonel Charles Candy, 66th O. V. I.

The preceeding pages are to be taken as personal recollections of a part of my experiences and observations as a soldier of the United States during the War of the Rebellion.

In reviewing these years of the past, I see where many acts of mine might have been improved upon at the time, but what was done by me then, was done with the best of motives and with honest intentions.

Many opportunities for advancement in other departments were presented to me and that I declined to further my interests by accepting any one of them, was due solely to my reluctance to sever my relations with the men with whom I had entered the service and with whom I earnestly desired to associate until the time of enlistment was ended.

To the memory of those old comrades who have answered to the "last call", I give a loving thought. My surviving comrades, I hold in grateful remembrance. Those days of strife,

of suffering, with here and there even bright spots of jovial companionship and happy experiences, are green spots in Memory's fields. To these old comrades, I give the hope that Providence in His mercy will grant them yet many years of health and happiness.

As an after-thought, and for the benefit of such of my old comrades who might not have had access to the original publication I here include the report of the record made by the Fifth Ohio Infantry, during its service. This record is taken from the book published by Wm. F. Fox, Lieutenant Col. U. S. V., in 1888, entitled, "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War," and found on page 311, under the sub-title of "Three hundred Fighting Regiments." The record is especially full and complete. It is as follows:

FIFTH OHIO INFANTRY

Candy's Brigade—Geary's Division—Twelfth Corps

(1) Col. Samuel H. Dunning (2) Col. John H. Patrick (Killed) (3) Col. Robert Kirkup

Companies	Killed and Died of Wounds			Died of Disease, Accidents in Prison, etc.			Total Enrollment
	Officers	Men	Total	Officers	Men	Total	
Field and Staff..	3	1	4	1	..	1	16
Company A.....	..	15	15	..	7	7	228
B.....	1	7	8	..	3	3	181
C.....	1	15	16	..	8	8	180
D.....	..	20	20	..	6	6	135
E.....	2	18	20	1	7	7	197
F.....	..	14	14	..	7	7	173
G.....	1	12	13	..	4	4	199
H.....	..	12	12	..	5	5	152
I.....	..	13	13	..	5	5	103
K.....	1	10	11	..	3	3	190
Totals.....	9	137	146	2	55	57	1751

Total of Killed and Wounded 537

Of the 914 originally enrolled, 129 were killed or 13.7 per cent

Battles	K. & M. W.
Scouting party, Va. Sept. 16, 1861	1
Romney, W. Va	2
Kernstown, Va	23
Port Republic, Va	13
Cedar Mountain, Va	31
Antietam, Md	16
Dumfries, Va	3
Chancellorsville, Va	15
Gettysburg, Pa	5
Culpepper C. H. Va	1
Dalton, Ga	1
Resaca, Ga	5
New Hope Church, Ga	15
Pine Knob, Ga	1
Kennesaw Mountain, Ga	4
Peach Tree Creek, Ga	4
Siege of Atlanta, Ga	5
North Edisto, S. C	1

Present also at Lookout Mountain, Tenn.; Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; Culp's Farm, Ga.; Siege of Savannah; Bentonville, N. C.; The March to the Sea; The Carolinas.

NOTES.—Recruited in April, 1861, for three months service, but before the regiment was fully organized and equipped, the call for three-years men was made, whereupon it volunteered for three years and was mustered in on the 21st of June. It served in West Virginia until March, 1862, when it moved with Shield's Division up the Shenandoah Valley, and participated in the battle of Kernstown, where it lost 18 killed, and 32 wounded; also, at Port Republic, where it lost 4 killed, 63 wounded, and 197 captured or missing. At Cedar Mountain, it fought in Geary's Brigade, Augur's Division, with a loss of 14 killed, 104 wounded, and 4 missing, out of 275 engaged. At Antietam it was in Tyndale's (1st) Brigade, Greene's (2d) Division, Twelfth Corps; loss, 11 killed, 35 wounded, and 2 missing. At Chancellorsville, then in Candy's Brigade, it lost 6 killed, 52 wounded, and 24 missing; and at Gettysburg, 2 killed and 16 wounded. In September, 1863, the regiment accompanied the Twelfth Corps to Tennessee, where it reenforced the Army at Chattanooga, and fought at Lookout Mountain.

In April, 1864, the Twelfth Corps, was combined with part of the Eleventh Corps and renumbered, becoming the Twentieth, but the regiment still remained in Geary's Division, and the men still wore the white stars on their caps. The Fifth was present at the hard fighting of the Atlanta Campaign, during which Colonel Patrick was killed, at the battle of New Hope Church, and Major Henry E. Symmes fell mortally wounded at Kennesaw.

State of Ohio

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Columbus, March 5, 1906.

This is To Certify that it is shown by the official record of this office, of which I am the lawful custodian, that John M. Paver of Cincinnati, Ohio, was commissioned by the Governor of Ohio Second Lieutenant in the Fifth Regiment, O. V. I. July 15, 1861, to rank from June 11, 1861, to fill an original vacancy.

Commissioned by the same authority First Lieutenant, same regiment, May 29, 1862, to rank from April 26, 1862, vice Lewis C. Robinson, promoted to captain, same regiment, May 29, 1862, to rank from April 26, 1862, vice Jacob Romley, resigned April 27, 1862.

Commissioned by the same authority Captain in the same regiment March 3, 1864, to rank from March 3, 1864, vice Ben J. Jelliff, Jr., resigned, January 30, 1864. John M. Paver declined captain's commission and was mustered out as First Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster, July 4, 1864, by reason of end of term of service.

O. H. Hughes,
Adjutant General of Ohio.

TRANSCRIPT FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

JOHN M. PAVER.

Entered service as private and mustered in as 2nd Lieutenant, Co. C, 5th Ohio Vol. Infantry, April 19, 1861.

Regiment organized at Camp Harrison near Cincinnati, Ohio for three months service, and mustered in May 8, 1861.

Moved to Camp Dennison May 23, and on duty there until July 10.

Regiment reorganized for three years service at Camp Dennison and recommissioned as 2nd Lieut. Co. C, June 19, 1861.

Promoted to 1st Lieut. April 26, 1862.

Regimental Quartermaster, June 23, 1863.

Left State with Regiment under orders for West Virginia, July 10, 1861.

Duty at Grafton, Clarksburg, Oakland and Parkersburg, W. Va., until Aug. 5th.

Attached to Kelly's Command, W. Va., Aug. 1861 to March 1862.

2-Brig. Shields' 2-Div. Banks 5-Corps to April, 1862.

3-Brig. 1-Div. of the Rappahannock to June, 1862.

2-Brig. 1-Div. 2-Corps Army of Va. to July and 1-Brig. 2-Corps Army of Va. to Sept., 1862.

1-Brig. 2-Div. 12-Corps Army of the Potomac and Army of the Cumberland to April, 1864.

1-Brig. 2-Div. 20-Corps Army of Ga. to July, 1864.

SERVICE.

Duty at Buckhannon, W. Va., until Nov. 3, 1861. Action at French Creek Nov. 3, Picket duty near Romney until Jany., 1862.

Action near Romney Dec. 8, 1861.

Expedition to Blue's Gap, Jany. 6-7, 1862.

Blue's Camp, Jany. 7.

Reconn. to Bloomery Furnace Feby. 12.
Advance on Winchester March 7-15.
Reconn. to Strassburg March 18-21.
Battle of Winchester March 22-23.
Edenburg April 1.
New Market April 17.
March to Fredericksburg May 12-21, and to Port Republic May 25-June 7.
Front Royal May 30-31, Battle of Port Republic June 9.
Battle of Cedar Mountain Aug. 9.
Pope's Virginia Campaign Sept. 2.
Rappahannock River Aug. 21-25.
White Sulphur Springs Aug. 26.
Gainesville Aug. 28, Groveton Aug. 29.
Battle of Bull Run Aug. 30.
Battle of South Mountain, Md. Sept. 14.
Battle of Antietam, Md. Sept. 16-17.
Duty at Boliver Heights until Dec.
Reconn. to Lovettsville, Oct. 21.
Reconn. to Winchester, Dec. 6-7.
Skirmish at Charlestown Dec. 6.
Dumfries, Dec. 27.
Burnside's 2nd Campaign, "Mud March" Jany. 20-24, 1863.
Chancellorsville Campaign April 27-May 6, 1863.
Battle of Chancellorsville, May 1-5.
Battle of Gettysburg, Pa. July 1-14.
Pursuit of Lee to Manassas Gap, Va. July 6-24.
Duty at New York City, Aug. 16-Sept. 8.
Movement to Bridgeport, Ala. Sept. 26-Oct. 4.
Battle of Wauhatchie, Oct. 28-29.
Battles of Chattanooga, Nov. 23-25.
Lookout Mountain Nov. 23-24.
Mission Ridge Nov. 25.
Ringgold, Ga. Nov. 27.
Atlanta Campaign May to July, 1864.
Movements of Dalton May 5-9.
Action at Dug Gap, May 8.
Rocky Faced Ridge, May 8-11.
Battle of Resaca, May 13-15.
Adairsville, May 17-18.
Cassville May 19-22.

New Hope Church May 25.

Battles about Dallas, Pumpkin Vine Creek and Allantoona Hills May 26-June 5.

Operations About Marietta and Against Kennesaw Mountain June 9-July 1.

Pine Hill June 11-14.

Lost Mountain June 15-17.

Gilgal or Golgotha Church June 15.

Muddy Creek June 17.

Noves Creek June 19.

Assault on Kennesaw June 27.

Mustered out July 4, 1864, expiration of term and honorable discharge from service.

Address Delivered at the Reunion of the 5th O. V. Infantry, Cincinnati, Ohio, September 8, 1898.

It is impossible for me to indulge in any flowery language or make any pretensions to gifted rhetoric. I can speak to you only as one of you. I can speak to you upon matters and things that are vivid in the minds of us all. I claim nothing, other than being a Comrade. One who has shared with you the hardships and dangers; who has "drank from the same canteen," and slept under the same blanket.

This occasion vividly revives the past and it rises before me like a dream. A panorama in the brain unrolls, and I see again all the glitter and pomp and glory of war; all its horrors, its misery and sorrows and yet, withal, on an occasion like this, comes a spirit of enthusiasm. To me, the history of the war is an absorbing study. I have many volumes upon the subject, but Ohio's Roster attracts my particular attention. This, my favorite volume, contains the names of the members of my regiment. As I turn leaf after leaf, I see there the names of school boy friends, who also answered to the Nation's call. Many came not back. Over many of those that did return, "Taps" have been sounded. Time seems to have dealt kindly with those of us who still answer to roll-call, and although Time's frost is on some heads, some eyes dimmer and feet slower, yet, the hearts are young, especially on an occasion like this.

I was a young man when the "Evil days came" upon us; I remember well that the State of Ohio had no organized military law or system at that time. There were a few militia organizations in our city. However, they were upon an individual or company basis. When Sumter's Guns were heard in protest, the War Spirit invaded the home of every citizen of the State, and the result is known to the survivors of those stormy days.

In the organization of our regiment, we had the benefit of a wide selection. We had the youth and the vigor of the land.

We had the sturdy, rugged and vigorous farmer's boy; the laborer from his axe; the mechanic from his bench; the clerk from his desk; the business man from his office; the professor, the doctor, the lawyer and the minister of the gospel.

About the time of the breaking out of the Rebellion, there was a temporary organization of young men, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-two, brought together more for social purposes than otherwise. These companies had paraded once or twice through the streets of Cincinnati, and their so-called uniform, at the time, was looked upon with curiosity; their three-cornered hats; their three-buttoned cut-aways—impromptu style, and trimmed with buff colored muslin, their white wigs, their pants tucked in their boots: carrying guns and cartridge boxes, but no knap-sacks, and were looked upon then as fair representatives of the Continental Soldier of 1776. If my memory serves me right, this was the nucleus of the 5th Ohio Infantry, and was afterwards designated as companies "A," "E" and "K."

The next distinguishing feature of our regiment was the appearance in Camp of two companies whose basis of organization was noticeable by an occasional appearance in their gaudy highland costumes, entailing a provoking exhibit of naked knees—representative men from the land of Burns and Bruce. This exposure of bare skin was, however, short-lived. Uncle Sam had dictated the costume, and all fancy trappings were laid aside for more durable uniforms. These Highlanders became a part of Companies "B" and "D." The next organization which is worthy of some particular mention was the child of a parent organization, which had gone forward under the first call of the President to Washington, with the 2nd Ohio Infantry. I refer to the 2nd company of Zouaves and known in our regiment as Company "G."

I recall our first march of recruits to Camp Harrison. How amusing was the miscellaneous apparel of the boys, and particularly the ridiculous caricature of myself wearing a half faded military coat that had been worn by a member of the old Guards, whose weight was about two hundred and fifty pounds, and whose rotundity of body was in keeping with his weight, and I, a mere youth of twenty-two, trying to impersonate a soldier of such magnitude. With me on that dusty pike marched a man at the head of our company whose sterling qualities, bravery, and heroism can never be questioned. An ideal soldier, irascible

at times, a model on march, never shirking duty or sparing himself any exposure, and in battle whose cool, calm and deliberate actions won for him the confidence of all. It is probably unnecessary for me to mention the name as you will readily call to mind the fearless and intrepid Captain Symmes of Company "C," now sleeping the "sleep that knows no waking."

Let us look still farther, and here is another detachment. Like its parent, it also was on the march to Washington, and this is the second Company of the Cincinnati Zouaves, with Horton, Booth and Moore in command. They were afterwards assigned to Company "G."

The next organization was a company of printers from the different printing offices of the city, headed by Collins, Armstrong, and Timmons, making Company "I." Company "H", led by Captain Fletcher, was a miscellaneous company. The avocation of many had been upon the water crafts and as employees of hotels. Company "F" was made up mostly of young men from the west end of Cincinnati from the brick yards, and draymen and clerks, led by Captain Gaines. Now, this little synopsis will refresh your minds as to the general makeup of our regiment. This miscellaneous organization went into camp April 20, 1861, formed its regimental organization and mustered into service May 9, 1861, to date from April 20th, for three months. Then came the call for three years' enlistment and the result of this was that on June 19th we were mustered in for three years. On July 10, 1861, we left Camp Dennison for the seat of war in West Virginia. Our experiences were varied. Some were hazardous, and all were tedious and tiresome, tramping around after bushwhackers until the movement was made eastward and the advancement in the spring of 1862 brought more activity, more organized methods in the art of war.

The concentration of troops in the spring of 1862; the advance on Winchester in March; the reconnoissance of Strassburg and the ultimate battle of Winchester March 23, need no reminder from me. The march to Newmarket in April, Fredericksburg in May and the battle of Port Republic on June 9; the retrograde movement through Luray Valley to the Plains of Manassas, Pope's Campaign, Second Bull Run, battle of Antietam, Bolivar Heights and finally landing at Dumfries in December, 1862, for winter quarters ended an eventful year in our experience.

The year 1863 opened with great preparations and a determina-

tion to reach Richmond by the rear, under General Hooker. The campaign opened the latter part of April, 1863—the advance commenced immediately, and those survivors who are present will never forget our experience at Chancellorsville from May 1st to 5th; then came our return to the north side of the Rappahannock river; our chase to the fortifications of Washington and the flanking at Gettysburg and afterwards the pursuit of General Lee to the Plains of Manassas.

At this point our base of operations was unexpectedly changed from the dreary, down-trodden soil of Virginia to the beautiful waters of the Chesapeake and the mighty, rolling Atlantic, until we reached the great city of New York, or rather Governors Island, where we had been ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to suppress a riot. This stay at New York was a great treat to us. We, who had weathered many a storm, and lived on army rations, to be thrown so suddenly in the midst of such luxuries, was too much for us to withstand long. We were on this duty from August 15, to September 8, returning to the Army of the Potomac shortly after September 10th. On September 26th, our movement commenced to Bridgeport, Alabama. Sixty days from the time we landed on Governors Island, we were in the Wauhatchie Tennessee Valley, engaging the enemy. This entailed a long trip by rail through many states. We were skipped past in the very sight of our homes without the permission of at least saying a word to our friends and our parents, and struck the onward movement and engaged in the attack on Lookout Mountain, November 23 to 25.

Of our winter quarters at Bridgeport; the veteranizing of a portion of our regiment; the Atlantic Campaign from May to July; the battles about Dallas, Pumpkin Vine Creek, Marietta, Kenesaw Mountain, and finally the return of the non-veterans from Big Shanty, Georgia, all of this undoubtedly remains permanently established in your minds. At this point of my reminiscences I must stop and leave the remainder of our regiment's service to the care of some other member to complete, as, on July 4th, 1864, I once more donned citizen's clothes.

It is very gratifying to me to know that I am speaking to many of my schoolboy companions, who will today call again to mind the exciting times of the first enlistments. Enlistment scenes are usually pictured with considerable enthusiasm, but with me, I must confess, that time was a little mixed. What a change has

taken place.—The boys of '61, light, active and merry, are today the middle-aged and old men of '98. God in his manifold kindness has dealt kindly with many of us. Comrades, it is a source of extreme pleasure to me to be able to be with you here today. Thirty-eight years have passed since the commencement of the deadly strife.

To many of you, whom I have not seen before for many years, I desire to express myself in most exalted terms, of your service in the late war, and renew my pledge to you as a comrade. To those whom I have seen more frequently, my pledge of loyalty has been renewed time and time again.

I rejoice that those who are here today have been spared. I rejoice that it has been my pleasure to renew acquaintance with many of those whom I have not seen for years and re-establish that old friendship, so dear to my heart. You and I can say truthfully, it was not a question of dollars and cents with us to enter the service. It was a question of loyalty to, and maintenance of, the principles of our government.

Some of the older members left families of dependent little children. It was not the paltry soldier's pay that you were seeking. There were no riches in sight in this enterprise. And what was the result? Many of our poor comrades were left on Southern Battlefields; many came back maimed in body, broken in health. And now, after all these years, we come and ask our government to make some fitting recompense in these, our last days. Why is not the fact that our names appear upon the Muster Rolls of our country, a sufficient guarantee that we are entitled to a grateful consideration? Are we to run the gauntlet of criticising boards; skeptical physicians—men who are not in a position to know the proper ailments of the applicant? Why are we compelled to scour the country from ocean to ocean to secure some missing link or thread in our lives, to verify our demands for pensions? I say to you, comrades, this is ungrateful. Our records are shown by our Muster Rolls; our term of service is prima facie evidence, calling for at least an honorable protection in the way of sufficient consideration from the mighty nabobs who sit on their thrones in Washington. These are cold facts, my Comrades, yet I have no delicacy in making known upon what foundation I take my stand. The men who left their homes in the defense of the government, should have the protection of that government; should be compensated by amounts of sufficient size,

a full appreciation of their services. And how was it after the muster out? We were turned adrift to commence life anew. We spent some of the golden days of our lives, standing up to be shot at for our Country's Cause, not for the pitiful sum called "soldiers' pay," and now, in our declining years, we are appealing to our government for some fitting recompense. For many years after the war, I confess I had pronounced ideas as to what should be the basis of a pension, and, while my opinion was then of a rather cold and rigid nature, I stand here today and say to you that the temper has been taken out of me and I am a convert to the pensioning of all old soldiers, according to their several disabilities. In my judgment, there is not a comrade here today but who has a good claim, if he will only prosecute it.

Much has been said of the validity of pension claims. A claim once adjudicated is valid and all the courts of our land have supported it.

Before I close, I desire to compliment the members who have had this Reunion in charge. One thing that I regret, as I know you do also, is that we have not with us today many comrades who were recognized as staunch, reliable and brave men during the trying times of our Army life.

So then, on this occasion with us, "let joy be unconfined." On with the festivities. No sleep until each participant around this festive board is given an opportunity to vent his feelings; to give some personal experience during his service as a member of this organization.

Let no heavy sound of snoring men or imaginary cannonading disturb our pleasure. No mountings of fiery steeds, no rapid forming of battle lines, no beating of alarming drums, no cracking of musketry on the skirmish line to mar our pleasure. We do not fear marching orders, unless we get too boisterous, and then, our good friend, Colonel Deitch, the chief of police, will see that we are "treated with leniency" and kindly dealt with.

Thanking you for your attention, Comrades, I extend to you the right hand of Comradeship, and hope that for the remaining few years of life, our happiness may be two-fold. I wish to close my remarks by reading the lines of a writer unknown to me, entitled:

Where is your happy laugh, comrades,
  That used to ring out so free?
Somehow, my ears ache for it,
  As I heard it in eighteen sixty-three;
You smile on me such a mournful smile,
  And chuckle so faint and low,
Your laugh is only the ghost of the laugh
  That you laughed so long ago.

Your hair was black as the beetle's wing,
  And your voices were brave and strong;
And whether the battle was fierce and wild,
  Or the march was hard and long,
That old laugh of yours would ring,
  When a comrade needed cheer,
And shake the wrinkles of care out smooth,
  With its echoes glad and clear.

When rations were short and springs were dry,
  And your tongue was swollen thick,
I've heard your cheery old laugh ring high,
  Coming down on the double quick,
Along the lines ran a thrill of joy,
  With answering laugh and shout;
For the boys caught on to the anchor of hope,
  Whenever your laugh rang out.

You laughed when you hobbled back to us,
  With gun and bandage and sling,
"To bind two wounds at once,"
  "Was a wonderful sort of thing."
I can hear you call when the ague froze,
  Or the fever burned your brow;
"It's no trick to be cool, or task to get warm,
  If you only just know how."

But where has your old laugh gone, my comrades,
And why has it died away?
I knew that you must be bent and old,
And your hair and beard gray,
But the old laugh that you used to laugh,
I had thought to hear ring out
From your old lips till my soul would stand
Tiptoe on the hills and shout.

Subdued and saddened and softened down
By the stress of our social ways,
Your laugh is timed to the steps of age,
Not the marches of former days;
Its bugle calls to the double quick
Shall never be heard again;
'Tis now the treble of "Soldier's Rest"
Not the Marseillaise of men.

But let us remember the laughs of old,
And remember the comrades strong,
And shake hands with a right good-will,
As we join in story and song;
For the war, and the boys and the deeds will soon
Be but memory, history, love,
But we'll be friends till the bugle sounds
To join in the ranks above.

And there, in that happy world, somewhere,
Sometime, when the winds are low,
And we can hear back in the far-away,
Sweet sounds that we used to know,
I think we shall hear your old laugh
Ring o'er the golden bars
'Till we shall lean on the hills and shout,
"Three cheers for the stripes and stars."

ADDRESS AT NATIONAL MILITARY HOME, DAYTON, OHIO.
TO ENCAMPMENT UNION VETERAN LEGION.

January, 1895.

Comrades:—

Usually under such circumstances as these and in accordance with the Ritual of our order, the Installing Officer is expected to make some remarks. It is reasonable to expect the remarks to be in sympathy with the surrounding circumstances. If I had been invited to address an assembly of theological students, or to speak at a political meeting, or to take part in a debate on the merits of some scientific problem, I certainly would have declined such an invitation; but, as I am to make some remarks where my audience is composed of comrades of the Union Army, and their friends, I feel myself on familiar ground, and perfectly at home.

I receive many invitations to appear under like circumstances, and when my business will permit, I take pleasure in rendering as much service as I possibly can in the performance of these duties. I make no pretensions as a speaker, and crave your indulgence.

Some ten years ago I had the pleasure of visiting this Home, and saw many of my old comrades. Today, in sorrow, I find many of those whom I met on my first visit have passed away. I have visited the Homes at Milwaukee, Hampton and Marion in the last few years, and find there comrades whom I met in active service during the Rebellion. In each of these places, the old soldiers are well provided for. At each Home they have encampments of the Union Veteran Legion, a part of this grand organization which numbers in the aggregate ten thousand men. The records of those constituting this body of Veterans are written indelibly in the history of this country. "Their deeds are glittering embellishments upon their banners that will live for ages to come. The theatre of war lying within the territorial

boundaries of the several states, is painted vividly in the minds of its survivors. The records of individual bravery are among the archives of the War Department."

Every comrade that is eligible should be a member of this great and grand Order. His long service at the front tested his manhood and proved his patriotism. There should be no stragglers. Our Army was of the very best material. Not a host of conscripts. The insignificant pay of the soldier was no inducement to take him to the front. He was not in search of riches. He went forward into the ranks because he loved his country. He loved his flag and the principles that it represented. His thoughts and aims were of the broadest character.

A large percentage of our membership is also members of the Grand Army of the Republic. Those who enlisted prior to July, 1863, had but the one object, and that of the preservation of the Union. The Union Veteran Legion does not question the patriotism or bravery of those who enlisted subsequent to this date. The tenets of our order are Fraternity, Charity and Patriotism.

Almost thirty-four years have passed since the volunteers of '61, '62 and '63, full of life and energy, splendid in manliness, perfect in physique, marched out in defense of the Union. Today the survivors show the weight of years. We are "passing in review." The reviewing officer has been reached; the column is moving enmasse. Our steps are shorter. The final halt will soon come.

When the call for troops was made, were you asked to which of the great political parties you belonged before you enlisted? No! At that hour, there was but one great party, and that was the party of and for the Union. Democrats and Republicans vied with each other in their earnestness in the emergency. Why then, at this late day, does there exist such feelings toward men whose only ambition was to save the Union? Why, then, does the generation that has grown up since, desire to retire the "Old Soldier?" I fear we are getting to be "back numbers." I fear that the pace of the period in which we live is too rapid for us, and that we are being relegated to the rear. We are lost in the foam, spray and mists of the seething whirlpool of the times.

A history of the war has never yet, and possibly never will be written that does justice to all. Much has been written, but the historians, as a rule, write upon the actions of certain organizations and speak in extravagant terms of many prominent leaders,

forgetting those very men whose valor, strength and heroism was the fountain-head of their successes. Heroic and daring achievements were not confined to either division of the service. Officers were no more fearless, as a rule, than the rank and file, hence, a soldier whose service from '61 to '65 was uninterrupted is certainly a veteran of the first rank. We call to our minds many instances, where both officers and men, receiving very serious wounds and recovering for the time, returned to their command and rendered additional valuable services. Under such circumstances, under such suffering, with all the opportunities open for his return to civil life, he who returns to his duty, with his wounds still unhealed, is, I feel like saying, a hero of heroes, and should I follow this line of thought, I may well say that we have in this country regiments of heroes of the late war.

Soon, all living participants will have answered the last roll call; the bugle's lip will have sounded for the last time "Lights Out;" then nothing will be left to tell of the heroic conduct of the Union Army but history. Let an unappreciative public stop and look at those tattered flags in our State Houses. Examine closely each regimental standard and therein is embodied a condensed history of suffering, bravery and heroic deeds of the men who have died under their folds, and of those who crept back maimed and broken. It would be a task to obtain the history of each and every flag, but enough can be seen; enough can be read of each, to plant in the minds of the generations to come, the bravery of the American Volunteer. Many of those who so proudly carried the flags into battle, now sleep in unknown graves under southern skies.

We had very few officers at the breaking out of the Rebellion who understood how to command and how to lead volunteers. Our experience solved the problem for all time to come. I am of the opinion that the Volunteer Army of the future will be the National Guards of the several states.

On the subject of pensions, I have some opinions, but I will not consume much of your time on that question. The Union Volunteer Legion, as an organization, is pledged to a "Service Pension" law, and there is no disguising that fact. We trust that this statement will not harm the sensibilities of any of our comrades here who may not be eligible to this order. All that we ask is that the administration, present and future, be liberal.

And now while I have touched upon some thoughts which are

uppermost in my mind, I desire to say that it should not be construed that we are unreasonable in our demands, and that those who were called to defend the country in its time of danger, and now in their decrepitude or physical weakness, should in these "piping times of peace," share more liberally in the golden prosperity of their country. Can any loyal citizen take exception to this?

It has been my pleasure in the last few years to witness the presentation to many of the public schools of my home city, beautiful flags, given with appropriate exercises of a patriotic nature, I believe we should cultivate this sentiment. I believe that an installing of patriotic sentiments should form a part of every school system. It will be especially beneficial and lasting in its influence on the rising generation. The flag should be looked upon as the ensign of our country; a symbol of perpetual loyalty and patriotism.

Now, comrades, I love the old flag, and I say it boldly and fearlessly—that for America there is but one flag (the flag of our forefathers; the flag of the union, your flag and mine) that can wave in this country, and that flag is the Star Spangled Banner. "Is not this emblem a prophecy? Is not its white stripes a prophecy of purity? Its red the consecrated life blood so freely given? Its blue a symbol of courage and faithfulness, and its galaxy of stars set on blue, as the stars in heaven, not to be blotted out at the will of any set of men or of any state, but to shine out in all their glory and strength, a symbol of a united country?"

And now, Ohio. What shall I say about Ohio? Being a native "Buckeye" I think I can speak of Ohio without being thought egotistical. Yes, Ohio had great soldiers. What Ohioian that visited the World's Fair, 1893, and gazed upon that brown pedestal in front of the Ohio State Building could help but feel some inspiration, feel proud that they were native to so grand a state as Ohio. Note the embodied thought in this pedestal, surmounted by life sized figures of Grant, Sherman, Garfield, Chase and Stanton, typifying as it did the greatness of this state. The thousands of people who passed could not fail to observe the gentle Cornelia, standing as it were, pointing to this galaxy of heroes, and the boldly carved letters that said, "Look ye, these are my jewels." What a conception! What a thought, my comrades.

On the subject of State Homes, I take great pleasure in saying that the Indiana State Legislature, had, two years ago, a bill

presented for the establishment of a State Soldiers' Home on the cottage plan. Comrades of the Grand Army and the Union Veteran Legion throughout the state worked together for the passage of this bill. The lower house made an appropriation of $55,000 to erect buildings and to meet all the necessary expenses of a beginning. While this amount was not large, we thought it was a good start. The bill did not reach the senate until late in the session. It was not acted upon and therefore went over until this present session. We are still living in great expectation. We expect an appropriation this time of $100,000. To show you what interest the Hoosiers are taking in this matter, I desire to inform you that Tippecanoe county and the city of Lafayette have donated to the authorities, 244 acres of land, lying on the Wabash river, three and one-half miles northwest of the city, The county of Tippecanoe alone gives $5,600 in cash as their individual donation. The department of Indiana, G. A. R., holds warranty deeds for the land. Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, Encampments of the Union Veteran Legion, the Auxiliaries, Woman's Relief Corp and very many individuals have pledged themselves to donate cottages as soon as the appropriation is made. In the aggregate, from the different sources, we have twenty-five cottages pledged.

Today there are over eight hundred old soldiers either in the poor houses, or that are supported by the township trustees in the different counties in the state. The National Homes are all overcrowded. The government, because of this condition, makes an annual appropriation of $100 for each soldier who is an inmate of State Homes. There are now eighteen states that have established Soldiers' Homes. As the years go by, by reason of age and increased infirmities, the numbers will grow larger.

At this point it would be proper for me to state that the people of the South should be commended for the kind, sympathetic care they have shown towards the men who fought under Lee and Jackson, Longstreet and Johnston, in fact, on every field of battle. The care shown the destitute confederate is worthy of all praise and the emulation of people of every other state. The people of the South came out of the war poor. Their homes were broken up. Their business relations had come to an end. They were without capital. Indiana came out of the war richer than she ever was. Her commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural interests have rapidly increased. Why, then, should not the state

take care of the men who so nobly protected their state's interests during the Rebellion?

I fear I have taken up too much of your time already in the performance of my duty as an installing officer, and I therefore, thank you for the very high compliment of inviting me to speak to you on this occasion. I hope your lives may be spared for many years to come and that I may have an opportunity of meeting you again and often at similar gatherings. Comrades, I thank you.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT ENCAMPMENT OF UNION VETERAN LEGION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

October, 1895.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Comrades of the U. V. L.

To appear before such a battery of style, grace, beauty and oratory, places me in a very embarrassing position. I fear your chairman has made a mistake in calling upon me when so much available timber awaits his command.

Memory is a great gift. This occasion revives in my mind thoughts of the past. To me the experiences of '61 to '64 are yet green in my memory. The great events which transpired between those years are, to my mind, like unto a panorama and as the roll unfolds and passes before me in all its glitter and in all its pomp, (not forgetting its sorrows), I measure it with pleasure and yet with sadness.

When I pull down volume after volume, so to speak, from the library of my brain, I am confronted with a vast number of varied experiences, which naturally pleased any union soldier who "done duty" with his organization in an active and progressive campaign. When I look around me, and see so many comrades who certainly must have entered the service at about the same time I did, and watch closely the mark of time, and diagnose each one's disability, I feel like raising my voice to the Supreme Being and offering up a prayer that we have been spared these many years. Oh! what a mine of information could be produced, and what a history could be handed down to generations to come by the men who are here assembled tonight, if they would only put their experiences in type. The history of the war for the union is not complete and will never be until the comrades of the U. V. L. show more of a disposition to enlighten the great, growing multitude that is rising before us year after year.

It has been my pleasure within the past few years to visit some of the familiar scenes of my army campaigning. I have recently passed over the battlefields of Chancellorsville, Culpepper and Gettysburg, and have renewed again my recollections of many instances which had escaped me. Quite recently I was one of a party, who, headed by the governor of our state, made a visit to the battlefield of Chickamauga, to take part in the dedication ceremonies of that great National park. I spent five days in that neighborhood, and I say to you that when I climbed and gazed from the top of Mighty Lookout, where thirty-two years ago I stood after the storming of the mountain by the White Star division, of which General John W. Geary of Pennsylvania was the commander, it appeared to me that there had been little or no changes. And the same spot on which we camped, and the very spot where General Hooker first established his headquarters on the plateau north of the railroad, appeared just the same. The "Cravens house" and all the surroundings seemed to carry with them reminiscences of past events, which seem to have occurred but yesterday. And then, that old line of battle on our extreme right on Missionary Ridge, also called to my recollection stirring scenes. It was my pleasure, among others of that week, to be present at the "Brotherton house" on the battlefield of Chickamauga on the afternoon of September 17, at a Reunion of a Rebel Brigade.

Much has been said as to the feelings and the tone of the southern soldiers towards the soldiers of the union army. Distinguished statesmen and orators of the South, in speaking of this great rebellion, seem to desire to let bygones be bygones, but I assure you, gentlemen and comrades, that upon this particular occasion, I was not impressed with the showing of that sentiment. I stood for over thirty minutes listening to a young man who was the son of a confederate soldier. He delivered a most eloquent address, and its tone, and the thoughts and expressions were in keeping with some of the better element, and with the rising generation of the South. But, I must say that at the close of his remarks, when it would naturally and necessarily have been expected that they should have met with approval, you can judge of my surprise, that outside of myself and half a dozen comrades of the union army, there was no applause. The impression was given me that their thoughts were, "Young man, we have listened to what you said, but we don't believe a word ot it."

Then again, I might take a more liberal view of this silence. The audience that was congregated there was made up of material which appeared to me as being of a class that was somewhat deficient in the educational progressiveness of the times, and that their late prejudices had not been entirely wiped out. In company with these other comrades, I pushed through this large body of people congregated there, made up principally of old confederate soldiers, women and children, and reached the grand stand. We felt it our duty to congratulate the speaker, even if his remarks did not meet with our entire approval. After reaching the stand, we immediately introduced ourselves and congratulated him upon his very eloquent address. This seemed to disturb the equilibrium of some of the crowd present, and we could discern in the expression on their countenances that our approval of the speech did not meet with their approval. I overheard a woman in the crowd say, "You'ns are good lookers, but we'ns are the fighters." Of course, this coming from a female standpoint certainly had its meaning, and hence, Mr. Chairman, I cannot help but feel that while the great majority of the people of the south rejoice at the final issue of the contest, still within the minds of some of the old confederates, there still lingers that old animosity. I wish, Mr. Chairman, and comrades that I could disabuse my mind of it, and I wish I could feel differently on this particular subject. I have felt often that in conversations with gentlemen from the South from time to time, their good expressions carried with them the sentiments of the entire South, but after my recent visit to Chickamauga, I certainly have been made to feel to the contrary.

Speaking as one of the delegation from Encampment No. 80, located at Indianapolis, Ind., I desire, as a "Buckeye" by birth and as a "Hoosier" by adoption, to thank you for the courtesies you have extended, and for the grand way in which you have entertained us. And I shall certainly take back to my home in Indiana the feeling that the citizens of Buffalo have a very warm place in their hearts for the union soldiers. I thank you.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE GEO. H. THOMAS POST NO. 17, G. A. R.,

Indianapolis, Ind., 1887.

The spring of 1861 found me a member of the Cincinnati "Rover Guards," a crack military company of the city of Cincinnati. The membership was made up of young men, ranging from twenty-two to thirty-two, not a few in the forties. The eligibility clause was, to be of good moral character, and a pledge that in all our undertakings, each member should do his full duty. The year previous, we had many pleasant drills, parades, entertainments and excursions, that made our early soldier life enjoyable. This, however, was of short duration. The fall of Sumter, and the call of the president for seventy-five thousand men, gave our boys something of the stern realities of a soldier's life to think of. The war spirit ran through our organization like wild fire. Every man was eager for the fray. Ohio's quota of the call for seventy-five thousand men was ten thousand, and the first company of Cincinnati Rover Guards responded promptly, and was assigned to the second regiment of Ohio militia under command of Colonel Lew Wilson, who had resigned the office of chief of police to enter the service. This company took part in the memorable first Bull Run battle. A few members of the original organization remained behind and organized a second company. Of this, I was one.

We found no difficulty in recruiting a second company, and on April 20th, 1861, we marched into Camp Harrison near Cincinnati, one hundred strong. Here we were assigned to the Fifth Ohio regiment, then organizing and made Company "C" and mustered into the service May 8th, for three months. Before, however, the regiment was completely equipped, the call for three year troops was issued, and on the 20th of June, our regiment was mustered in for three years.

In the meantime, however, we had been transfered from Camp

Harrison to Camp Dennison. On July 10th, 1861, we left Camp Dennison, by rail, for Western Virginia. We campaigned in Virginia several months, taking an active part in many of the reconnoissances and bushwhacking engagements of that department.

On the 7th of November, we found ourselves at Romney, Virginia. This place had gained considerable reputation, and our boys were extremely anxious to gaze upon the dark and bloody grounds made memorable by the 11th Indiana. At this point, for the first time, we were assigned to a brigade under the command of a loyal Virginian, whose home had been Wheeling, West Virginia, and with pleasure I mention the name of General B. F. Kelley. We remained in and around Romney during the months of November and December, doing little else than picket duty, drilling and an occasional trip into the country looking for some rebel who had been reported as returning home to look after domestic affairs.

In January, 1862, our regiment moved to Patterson's Creek, and was there transferred to the command of Gen. Landers. On the 4th of February, General Landers died, and Colonel Nathan Kimble, 14th Indiana, succeeded to the command. From January until March 1st, nothing of interest occurred. During this time we had been transferred to the command of General "Jimmie" Shields.

On March 23rd, 1862, the battle of Winchester was fought. This was the regiment's first baptism in fire. In this engagement, five of our color bearers were shot down in succession. Our loss was forty-seven killed and wounded, our regimental colors having over forty holes through them, which was of itself a sufficient proof of the severity of this engagement. The enemy fell back, and the march down the beautiful Shenandoah was resumed, through Woodstock, and Edinburg; thence to Mount Jackson, and New Market.

Many instances of personal heroism and valor, among these inexperienced soldiers, occurred during this campaign. Many weary miles were tramped and retramped through rain and slush. The singing of some popular song, such as "John Brown's Body" always had a stimulating and exhilarating influence.

On June 9th, 1862, we found ourselves pressed by "Stonewall" Jackson, at Port Republic, in the Luray Valley. The battle opened fierce and hot; charges and counter charges were

made. The regiment rallied again, and finally were rewarded by the capture of one gun—a hard day's work for such poor results. In this engagement, the boys had their first introduction to the "Louisiana Tigers," who, from their standpoint, could terrorize the world, but I am safe in saying that they found the "Butcher Boys" of Cincinnati, foemen worthy of their steel. I desire to say right here that this name was given us by the "Tigers," on account of our Colonel having been a butcher at the time he entered the service. In this engagement, the Johnnies were too much for us, and we were compelled to fall back. Our loss was 185 taken prisoner, and the total loss killed, wounded and prisoners, aggregated 244.

From June, 1862, to the latter part of July, a little over five weeks of marching and fighting, being worried to death by the uncertain movements of old "Stonewall" Jackson, short rations and shoeless, had the effect of causing gloom and confusion among our ranks, until at last we halted near Alexandria, Va., nearly naked, without shelter, and completely worn out. At this point, the regiment remained several weeks, recruiting health and clothing ourselves in Uncle Sam's latest styles of blue.

About the 25th of July we were assigned to General John W. Geary's brigade, of Pennsylvania troops; and now again with a new leader, we were expected to win fresh laurels, and to make an additional star for him—which the Ohio boys assisted him in securing. We were soon on the move, this time, "On to Richmond." We were ordered to report to Major General John Pope, of "Headquarters-in-the-saddle; Feed-on-the-enemy" fame. And right here, I wish to protest the same as thousands upon thousands of my Potomac comrades protested, to the indiscretion of such an order. Here we were, on the plains of Manassas, which had been marched and remarched, fought over and refought over, until there was nothing for a thing that breathed life to live on. In his enthusiasm he caused himself to be the ridicule of our portion of the army. I do not wish by this to convey the impression that I did not at the time have the utmost confidence in him, but it was one of those circumstances with too much enthusiasm attached and not sufficient knowledge of the country in which he was campaigning. This was the cause of his failure, and can be partly explained on account of his recent transfer from the western to the eastern department. Great things were to be accomplished; as so many failures had

been made by eastern men, here was an opportunity for him to immortalize himself, coming, as he did, from Island 10, already loaded down with honors. General Pope's career was of short duration in the eastern army. Before going further, I wish to state that we were "Potomacers," "paper collars and red tape," as our western comrades pleased to style us. Our corps organization was the 12th in the east, under General Slocum, and the 20th under General Hooker, in the west.

About August 22nd, and while all this was going on, and General Pope had surrounded himself with "all the comforts of home," an amusing circumstance occurred, which afterwards placed the general to some inconvenience. The Rebel Cavalry General Stuart called on General Pope one fine evening, and captured his beautiful headquarter train, some twenty odd wagons, promising to return them "after the war." This was enjoyed hugely by us boys. We had been longing to have a chance to "guy" him. No member of Pope's staff could, after that, show himself before our brigade, without getting a pelting of "There he goes," "How's Stuart's Cavalry," "Headquarters in the Saddle, feed on the enemy," and the like.

We will again pick up the step and move on from Warrenton. We are now a part of the Grand Army under Pope, and our object is either to have a fight or a foot race. We got both. First the fight, and then the race. On the 9th day of August, 1862, we find ourselves in front of Slaughter Mountain. Some historians call it Cedar Mountain, but the correct name is Slaughter Mountain, and it was owned by Dr. D. F. Slaughter, who was in the Rebel Army at the time. This engagement, like many others in which the army of the Potomac took part, was lost by bad management. It is not my purpose to individualize, but just as sure as I stand here, somebody lost his head. In this engagement our regiment's loss was extremely heavy—18 killed, 7 commissioned officers, and 89 men wounded, out of 275 that entered the battle. Then came one of the most remarkable retrograde movements ever witnessed in American warfare. Fighting inch by inch, fierce and bloody battles. The whole territory from Slaughter Mountain to the entrenchments around Washington, sixty miles, was fought over; the country strewn with fragments of every conceivable thing that goes to make up the equipment of an army of operation.

Here I left the army, as I was taken to a hospital in Alexan-

dria in September, 1862, and did not join my command until some time in November, 1862, at Harper's Ferry, Virginia.

After various marches and counter marches, we finally went into camp about the middle of December, 1862, at Dumfries, Virginia. We lay here, in winter quarters, during the winter of 1862 and 1863, until April, when we joined the advance of Hooker's army.

May 1st to 3rd, 1863, we were in the bloody battle of Chancellorsville. If there was any one engagement in which I participated, that is vividly impressed upon my memory, this, of bloody Chancellorsville, is it; now fighting behind breast works, now marching on flank, to be finally beaten back, demoralized and stampeded; think of it! By a force greatly superior to ours. The 11th corps broke and ran. They were demoralized, and why? Because of the fault of the officer in command. I wish to ask each old soldier here, what would you think of a commander, in the enemy's country and the foe in close range, allowing his men to stack arms, unsling knapsacks, make coffee and play cards? This was the condition of things on the extreme right of the 11th corps at 5 o'clock p. m., the 2nd of May, 1863. I am stating indisputable facts. We, of the 12th corps, were brought up to arrest the retreating tide, and such as these were the statements made by the half-crazed men in their desire to get to the rear. It was a terrible scene. Thirty thousand rebels under old "Stonewall" Jackson, rushing into twelve thousand union men, pouring shot, shell and lead incessantly; horses running wild without riders; Rodmen, Parrotts and Napoleons lying here and there, all over the field; caissons with one, sometimes two horses, riderless, going pell-mell, helter-skelter.

The 11th corps was mostly made up of German organizations, and to us "Potomacers" were known as "Blenker's Dutch"—men who would carry off anything except a red hot stove. They were greatly attached to General Sigel, who had been, a short time previous to the battle of Chancellorsville, removed from their command. This greatly displeased them, and also had a demoralizing effect. Imagine, if you can, between eight and nine thousand Germans, bare-headed, bare-footed, yelling and flying hither and thither in terror, escaping wherever possible, and crying, "Mein Gott, mein Gott! Mein Frau, mein Frau! Mein Kinder, mein Kinder! I fights mit Sigel! I fights mit Sigel." They were throwing knapsacks, canteens, cartridge boxes to the four

winds, and banging guns around trees, and stumps. Here were wagons, horses, ambulances, men, caissons, cannon, all jumbled together in a struggling, terrified mass, many of the men even getting to the river and swimming across in their frenzy. You cannot imagine the confusion and uproar. Being on special duty at the time, at Division Headquarters, I had an opportunity of witnessing a good part of the excitement, and endeavoring with our whole division to bring order our of chaos. No body of men ever made more strenuous efforts than we of the 12th corps to stem the tide of retreat, but the panic was too great. The rebels pushed us in all directions, yelling, and shouting triumphantly; turning our captured guns upon us, hurling shot, shell and cannister from the very cannon which we a few hours before were using upon them. The night of May 2nd, 1863, will never be obliterated from my memory, should I live a hundred years. The most terrible cannonading ever heard by human ears; the very heavens and earth seemed to be ablaze. It was one of the most sublime scenes of my war experience. The moon shown bright in the heavens, and not a breath of air moved that dense forest. It was on this night the Rebel Army lost a most valuable officer. Brave, energetic, indefatigable, "Stonewall" Jackson, lost his life at the hands of his own men.

During our army life, many strong attachments grew up between comrades, and with me this was no exception. The 5th day of May, 1863, brought with it a feeling of despondency. Our army was retiring to the north banks of the Rappahannock river. We had been out-generaled. The ill-timed and boastful order of General Hooker, did not stay the excitement, nor disguise this fact. Our regiment had lost heavily. Many of our best officers and men had perished, and our lieutenant colonel, to whom I was most closely attached, had been severely wounded in the right arm, and left thigh. My friend and comrade, the Colonel, whose right arm was amputated, survived the operation, and still lives, being an honored resident of Springfield, Ohio, and a member of this order.

The whole country around was swarming with wounded men, hobbling and groaning, and seeking surgical aid. The carnage was awful, and our position very humiliating. From this short, disasterous campaign, our army returned to their old camping ground.

On the 6th day of May, General Hooker issued an order, which

for cold comfort, exceeded anything of the kind ever put in print. Some parts are, however, correct, but the most of it was buncombe. The preliminaries of the battle were conducted with military ability; the finale was discomfort and retreat. I quote: "The Major General commanding, tenders to this army his congratulations on its achievements of the last seven days. It has not accomplished all that was expected. The reasons (well known to the army), it is sufficient to say, were of a character not to be foreseen, nor to be prevented by human sagacity or resources. This order, if not perfectly satisfactory to the country, and to the authorities, will be generally hailed with applause by the army." (Signed by command of Major General Hooker.)

Lee's army numbered 60,000; Hooker's about 120,000: thus, you will see that we out numbered them two to one. The committee on the conduct of the war, accounts for the failure of General Hooker at Chancellorsville, as follows: 1st, The stampede of the 11th Army Corps on May 2nd; 2nd, The injury sustained by General Hooker, on the 3rd. 3rd, The failure of Sedgewick to carry out his orders to fall on the rear of Lee's army on the morning of the 3rd. 4th, The entire failure of General Stoneman to perform the duty assigned him, viz.: the cutting off of Lee's communication with Richmond.

Our whole loss in this engagement, taken from the official records, in the War Department, were, killed, 1512; wounded, 9,518; missing, 5,000; total, 16,030. Gettysburg, with her loss of 23,186; the Wilderness of 1864, of 18,387, places Chancellorsville as one of the grandest battles fought by the Union troops.

The uninitiated and the public that has grown up since the war, quite frequently ask, "How can you fellows recollect so much of the War; so many of the incidents of your campaigns? You must have wonderful memories." Ah! my friends, my sympathy goes out to one who has no recollections of the late rebellion; no particular part borne by himself. I am happy to state, however, that I have never met a soldier yet, who has had more or less experience, that could not relate, if he had the chance and wanted to, many interesting happenings, yet, in this connection, I might state that we have many comrades who have seen too much service, (from their standpoint), men who are constantly punishing us with recital of their "daring deeds," "narrow escapes," "meritorious conduct," etc. etc. etc. We have this comrade who tells us about the "right wing," and that one who tells

us all about the "left wing," another one who "had been thar" from the First Bull Run, to Appomatox; another one who, in cavalry service, had ridden all around the Confederacy, never receiving a scratch, and never killed a rebel, used up from four to ten horses, and no end of chickens, pigs, sorghum and such other delicacies that the advance guard of an army generally secures. Another one who can cut a two, four or six second fuse; sight a Rodman, Parrott, or Napoleon gun, and drop a shell at point blank range within the circle of a silver dollar; another one who, having served on the staff of some general officer, tells us how he rode around the country, during some dark and stormy night, conveying an important order, and how, if this had not been accomplished, our army, or his army, would have been demoralized, and our Cause lost; another one tells how the troops from his State fought, bled and died. Oh my! I sigh heavily. What would he have done but for those same dear old chums. The war would probably be going on at this present moment, had they not been there. Of course, we are glad to have these good, wholesouled fellows in our midst, and why? Because we want them, They are a part of us, and we cannot do without them. They assist in making our friendship more binding.

This ends my experience up to and including Chancellorsville, and I feel, as this is my first appearance before you, I will not detain you longer. Should I live, I shall be pleased to pick up where I here leave off, and continue until my muster-out, in July 1864. Comrades, I thank you.

REMARKS AT LAFAYETTE, INDIANA, 1895—INSTALLATION OF THE OFFICERS, ENCAMPMENT 127, UNION VETERAN LEGION.

COMRADES.—

As I look over this audience, I see before me a large assembly of the "Old Boys" of the Union Army. And, mingling with them in sympathy and sentiment are their friends, called together for this special occasion. As a speaker, I make no pretentions to oratory, but a social talk and pleasant interchanges of thought, I enjoy. I appreciate a warm debate. I love the comrade who takes the opposite to me in an argument.

Every comrade who served in the Union Army and is eligible, should be a member of this great and grand Order. No comrade should be marked as a straggler. Every state in this Union that sent troops, had the best. Indiana had great soldiers. Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, New York, and Pennsylvania, also. No State was behind in point of loyalty and heroism. The percentage of losses were greater in some of the individual oragnizations than in others, but the valor was the same. I recall the exciting times of April 1861; the rush of volunteers; the enlistment scenes; the music of the fife and drum; the anxiety of the men; the heart-aches that followed in the homes of those who enlisted. From the field, office and store came prompt response. Almost thirty-four years have passed away, and the Volunteers of 1861, splendid in their manliness, perfect in physique, are today the middle aged and old men of 1895. The older ones are passing away rapidly. Their steps are slower. It will not be long before the rear guard passes.

The regiments that left this State were among the best that composed the Union Army. Their records are inscribed upon their banners. Mementoes of severe engagements on all the principal battle fields of the East and West, can be found. Victories are emblazoned in the minds of the survivors, and history records their valorous deeds.

When Mr. Lincoln first called for 75000 men, the question was asked, "Where will he find so many?" I ask you comrades, did he find them? Then, he asked for 200,000. They too were ready. Then 300,000 and 300,000 more, and from every corner of this loyal land went up the shouts and huzzahs, "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand strong." Under the first calls, enlistments were very rapid. Thousands walked soberly and deliberately up to the recruiting stations, and signed their enlistment papers.

You may fancy our raw recruits overloading themselves when starting on their first march, but before the end of the first day, a change takes place, and they find themselves in very light marching order. When I am confronted with the extravagant ideas of the men who write and sing about the heroes of the war, and who dwell minutely on favorite general officers, as the only heroes, I take exceptions to their statements. Can it be said that out of the enlistment of over a million men only a few great heroes were produced? Can this be possible? Oh, no my friends, we will never admit that. I have my opinion as to what constitutes a hero. Not alone the men who held commissions, or those who toiled under the pressure of knap-sack and gun, during hot summer days, or suffered at some lonely out-post the cold of winter, but I record both, by their best intelligence and loftiest patriotism one and inseparable, whose enlistments were early and service long, and who, so to speak, marched from Phillippi to Appomatox. They are the real Heroes.

A comrade who enlisted early and was maimed, who recovered and again took his place in the ranks or at the head of his particular command, is worthy of the highest consideration and should be classified as a special hero of the late war. When we follow this fair reasoning, we find that instead of only a few great heroes there were thousands of comrades entitled to this honorable distinction. Soon all the living participants will have answered the last call. The bugle will have sounded for the last time, "Lights out." Then, history alone will be left to tell of the heroic conduct of the men of the Union Army.

Look at those tattered and faded flags in our State Houses. Examine closely the history of each regimental standard, and we find a record of suffering, of bravery and heroic deeds by men who died under their folds, and by those who took their places and "kept the colors up." It would be somewhat of a task to

obtain the history of each and every flag, but enough can be seen, enough can be read about each to plant in the minds of the generations to come the bravery and self-sacrifice of the American Volunteer. Many of the men who so proudly carried these flags sleep in unmarked graves on southern battle-fields.

Thirty-four years have almost passed since the commencement of the war. Conflicting statements of eye-witnesses of scenes have occured and still create considerable discussion. Our memories are less reliable. Even official statements do not always agree. The position of an officer is with his men, and he rarely sees or knows during a battle anything outside of the immediate location.

But hold! Were men alone engaged in heroic deeds? Were there no heroic women of the war? I remember when a school boy how our teacher read to us the heroic deed of Molly Pitcher at the battle of Monmouth. How she took her place as a cannoneer, and how she rammed the shot and shell into the gun, and how she perfomed other heroic deeds, and how General Washington complimented her in general orders and gave her a sergeant's commission; how Congress placed her name on the list of half-pay officers for life, as the heroine of the Revolutionary War. This is not a circumstance in comparison to the many courageous and heroic deeds of the noble women of the late war. Who will write up the heroines of '61 to '65? Instead of being one Molly Pitcher in the late war, there were hundreds of them.

Man moulded the great artillery. Man invented and manufactured the small arms. Man furnished the brains and brawn that pushed the Rebellion to a speedy close. Women prepared lint and bandages, administered medicine; watched by the dying couch; wrote the last message home and attended the lonely burials. Men did their work with shot and shell, musket and bayonet, sabre and cannon. Women did their work with socks, slippers, bandages, warm drinks; stroked hot temples; read the letters from home, and the beautiful stories of that land in which "There shall be no death, neither sorrow nor crying," the the eternal camping ground. Men would ask a wounded comrade, "What regiment do you belong to?" Women would ask "Where are you hurt," "What can I do for you?" "What nice thing can I make to please you?" "Have you a mother?" "What makes you cry?"

Never can be fully realized, save by those who lived through the period of the war, the great and noble service of the Sanitary Commission and the many thousands of women who labored constantly in that service, with lofty patience, silent endurance and devoted sacrifice. It was woman who stood loyally by the Government during its greatest trials.

The number of women who actually bore arms and served in the ranks during the war, was greater than is supposed. Sometimes they followed the Army as nurses and divided their services between the battlefields and hospital. The 3rd Michigan, a three year regiment, had a woman attached to it, and when their service was ended, she joined the 5th Michigan. Through the four years of the war, she was found in the field, often in the thickest of the fight, always inspiring the men to deeds of valor. She was always respected for her correctness of life. Soldiers and officers vied with each other in their devotion to her. I might speak, also of the First Michigan Cavalry. The wife of a private of this grand old regiment accompanied it and served through the war. Always fearless and daring, always doing the service of a soldier. At the close of the war, together with her husband, she joined the regular army.

The 5th Rhode Island Infantry enlisted a woman. She was for a time color bearer of the regiment. She marched with the men. Asked no favors as a woman, but bore the brunt of battle on occasion, as fearlessly as her comrades. She was in General Burnsides' expedition to Roanoke Island and Newbern, where her husband was severely injured and rendered unfit for service. Both were discharged and returned to private life.

I have seen it stated that the number of women soldiers known to the service was a little less than four hundred. It is positively known that a very large number disguised themselves and enlisted in the service for one cause or another. Entrenched in secrecy, and regarded as men, they were sometimes revealed as women by accident or casualty. Startling stories of these women were current in the gossip of army life. Many were extravagant and unreal, but one always felt that they had some foundation in fact.

During the enlistment of the 19th Illinois, Colonel Turchin's regiment, and while the officers were drilling their awkward squads, the Captain of one of the companies approached the Colonel and asked him if he noticed anything peculiar in the

appearance of one of his men. The Colonel at a glance, saw that the "man" was a woman in male attire. The "man" was called from the ranks and informed of the suspicion, and asked what "he had to say." Clutching the Colonel by the arm, and speaking in tones of passionate entreaty, she begged him not to expose her, but allow her to retain her disguise. Her husband was enlisted in the company, and she said that it would kill her if she could not go with him. She was quietly taken aside and returned home. Shortly after this, the regiment was ordered to Cairo, Illinois, and it was reported that she afterwards rejoined it.

For individual and personal bravery, outside of the regular lines of military duty, was there ever such courage, such valor, such heroism, shown before or since, as that by Miss Josephine Rodgers at the Battle of Gettysburg on July 2nd, 1863? Our position on the 2nd day of July was stronger than on the first day. Near the line occupied by the 1st brigade, 2nd division, 3d army corps, commanded by General J. B. Carr, stood a little one-story house, which at the time of the battle was occupied by Mrs. Rodgers and her daughter, Josephine.

On the morning of July 2nd, General Carr stopped at the house and found the daughter, a girl about eighteen years of age, alone, busily engaged in baking bread. He informed her that a great battle was inevitable, and advised her to seek a place of safety at once. She said she had a batch of bread baking in the oven, and she would remain until it was baked, and then leave. When her bread was baked it was given to our soldiers, and was devoured so eagerly , that she concluded to remain and bake another batch, and so she continued to the end of the battle, baking and giving her bread to all who came. The great artillery duel which shook the earth for miles around did not drive her from her oven. Pickett's men, who charged past the house, found her quietly baking her bread and distributing it to the hungry. When the battle was over, her house was found to be riddled with shot and shell and seventeen dead bodies were taken from the house and cellar. These bodies were of wounded men who had crawled to the little dwelling for shelter. Twenty years after the close of the war, General Carr's men and others held a grand Re-union at Gettysburg, and learning that Josephine Rodgers was still living, but had married and taken up her residence in Ohio, they sent for her and paid her passage from her home to Gettysburg and back, and had her go to her old

home and tell again the story that they all knew so well. They decorated her with a score of army badges, and sent her back to Ohio, a happy woman. Why should not the poet immortalize Josephine Rodgers as he did Barbara Fritchie?

It is to the honor of the American Women, not that they led the hosts to deadly charge, and battled amid contending armies, but that they confronted the grim and horrid aspects of the war with tenderness and mighty love and devotion to the Cause; always in active pursuit of opportunities to render all service possible, consistent with the sex. Let not the service of the grand women of the war be forgotten. Let not the graves of those who have passed beyond be neglected at our annual strewing of flowers.

PENSIONS.

In every community we have "Pension Growlers," soldier haters, and men who begrudge the little pension that is doled out by our government. For many years after the war, I was of the opinion that none but those disabled by reason of wounds received in action, should receive pensions. But, men's minds change, and I believe now, that there never was a man who served in the Union Army, and who can show an honorable discharge, that ever received one-half what he deserved, measuring by dollars and cents. I believe that the government owes us a debt of gratitude, but now that debt should be generously paid in gold dollars, weighed to us on avoirdupois scales, and not by the grains and drachms of the apothecary's weights. I further believe that when a claim has been proven, and all the proof accepted and it goes to what is called the "completed files" that this becomes a valid claim and should be recognized and paid immediately. I do not think it lies within the province of every new administration to change the validity of any claim. I am, further, of the opinion that when a claim becomes adjudicated, it becomes a vested right. This will relieve the mental and physical strain to a great extent, of the survivors of the Union Army. Oh, mighty Government! Oh, Mighty people! Oh, aristocrats of the Senate and House of Representatives! Be liberal. Be just. Be magnanimous to the survivors of the great Rebellion. We will not tarry with you much longer. The halls of Congress will not hear the agitation of special claims or our appeals for justice through many more years.

As a closing remark on pensions, I desire to say that there is no crop that is so eagerly sought after by the business men of this country as the "pension crop." The corn and wheat crop may be short, but the "pension crop" is regularly harvested every ninety days, and the business men of the State know the value of it, and know further, that these disbursements have often saved us from panicky times and severe business depression. The payment of $2,437,982.76 at the Indianapolis agency quarterly, has kept the wolf from many an old comrade's door.

PATRIOTISM.

Teach patriotism in the schools. Teach the children the history of the Rebellion. Hoist "Old Glory" to the belfry of every school house of the land. Educate your children to sing the patriotic airs of our Country. Recently a very distinguished music teacher in the Public Schools of a western city entered one of the rooms of the building, and after some preliminaries, thus addressed the pupils:

"Now, children, let us have that noble, patriotic song, known to all Americans, from Maine to California, from the lakes to the gulf; that song which is sung as a hymn in the churches, by the soldiers on the plains, by our countrymen everywhere; the song which thrills us all and fills our hearts with love of Country." The word "America" almost breathed itself upon the air, as a small boy on the back row, arose and gesticulated violently. "I know what that song is, sir." "Well, my son, let us have it." "'After the Ball.'" Comrades this may be laughable, but it is a reproach on our patriotism.

The first object of our organization is, "All things being equal, to give preference to its members in all business relations." The second is, "The moral, intellectual and social improvement of its members." These are the two main planks in the general platform on which our organization stands.

But, socially, this organization is just what each encampment makes it. At all these gatherings, are found good companionship, refreshing of old memories, reviving ties of friendship, together with a limited amount of "spiritual comforts."

"Sometimes water, sometimes milk,
Sometimes Apple Jack, fine as silk,
But whatever the tipple has been
We shared it together in fame or bliss:
And I warm to you, friends,
When I think of this—
We have drank from the some canteen."

In our organization we have many good poets. Our Chaplain-in-chief is no exception. He is a grand old soldier. He has served his time faithfully in the Union Cause, and now is laboring in the army of the Lord. I will read a poem by him, which I pronounce as being grand in conception and beautiful in thought.

* * * * *

Eight years of toil have passed away
Since from the night I saw the day
An institution tinged with grey,
The Union Veteran Legion.

We represent the tried and true,
Who waged the deadly conflict through;
While wearing we loved and honored the blue,
The Union Veteran Legion.

Thanks to the men who conceived the thought
That into an organization brought
Men who can neither be scared nor bought,
The Union Veteran Legion.

Then, Comrades, proceed as you have begun
Mark well the right in the race you run,
And the Master will say at last, "Well done,"
Union Veteran Legion.

Written at the time of the Dedication of the Indiana Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, May 15, ~~1892~~ 1902 for The Indianapolis News.

Very few persons before the war of the rebellion, knew what a muster roll was, and cared less.

The peculiarities of the muster roll are worthy of particular mention. Every survivor of the war is now more or less familiar with its true meaning. To those who may read this article, and do not know the full meaning, we desire to say that it is a full description of each and every person who enlists in the service of the United States, either Army or Navy; gives name, age, height, color of eyes, color of hair, occupation, single or married, white or black.

The historian finds the muster rolls of valuable information. He finds the names of regiments that were in battle, the movements of brigades and divisions and corps. He finds what regiments did the fighting, which were in the reserve, which were in the first lines of battle, which led the assault, and which stood in the breach. The long columns of names marked as killed tell how well they stood in action.

To the young and inexperienced officer, the first muster roll was embarrassing and very annoying to him in its completion and perfectness. I recall to my mind the making of the first one; the corrections and erasures before it was accepted by the proper officers. How true the old maxim, "Experience is a dear school, etc.," and how well was this demonstrated to us in the performance of our duty. The individual statements made opposite each name under the head of "Remarks" were at the time considered of small importance, but today, we find that these very statements have become historical and recognized as valid authority

for the adjustment of claims for pensions. Much annoyance, considerable pain and anxiety have followed when the record has been examined and a comrade is confronted with some unpleasant reminder of his past service; then comes disappointment and in frequent cases, nervous prostration. Many instances have been found in which the statements were unjust; many that were just, and the penalty severe.

Take, for instance, some personal feeling toward a comrade. The officer places remarks opposite his name that forever darkens his future. "Absent without leave," without knowing positively the whereabouts of said soldier; possibly a prisoner; possibly in some hospital; possibly wounded and left behind, and see what injustice was done; possibly marked, "Deserted."

Many peculiarities of making a muster roll can be enumerated. Very many amusing as well as serious remarks are remembered. For instance, under the head of "Remarks" opposite a soldier's name, "Kicked by a mule," "Choked to death," "Detached," "Discharged on expiration of term of service," "Wounded and taken prisoner," "Shot for desertion," "Killed on picket," "Drafted for nine months," "Killed in action," "Died of sunstroke," "Murdered by a comrade," and so on. "Killed on July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg"—one thinks of Pickett's charge, or other incidents of that historic field. The vision of Little Round Top; the wheat field; the Devil's Den; the assault on Cemetery hill.

"Killed, December 13, 1862, at Mayre's heights," (Fredericksburg)—We think of the fierce charge through the town of Fredericksburg. The charge of the rebels in their entrenchments. The terrible slaughter of Meagher's New York Irish Brigade. We have recently passed over this historic battlefield and viewed the surroundings with a critical eye.

"Killed at Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863"—Here rises a picture of the battles of the Union. The famous order of General Hooker: "We have found the enemy and they are ours." The march; the rain; the river; the pontoons; the Chancellor's house; the forest; the artillery battle that made the earth tremble for three days and nights; the movement of "Stonewall" Jackson to the right of our line; the assault and surprise and the stampede of the eleventh corps, are all painful reminders of this contest.

"Died September 15, 1862, while enroute from Fortress Monroe to Washington, D. C. an exchanged prisoner of war taken

at Port Republic, Va., June 9, 1862"—Here, my friends, is something to think of. Wounded, not alone disabled, bleeding and sore, an exchanged prisoner, returning from that damnable black spot on earth, Andersonville prison. The tortures of this hellish bastile endured for months, and there on the very threshold of his home. The thoughts of home, the pleasures to come; dies enroute, after being exchanged. Great God! And still, some begrudge the widows and orphans the small pittance passed out over the counter of the pension office.

"Wounded at the assault on Lookout Mountain, November 24, 1863, afterward died"—look at that frowning perpendicular wall of limestone. Think of Hooker's advance from Bridgeport to Wauhatchie through the Lookout Valley, and the movement open to observation of the enemy. Thoughts of winding around the palisades on the mountain side of this wall of limestone, under the very muzzles of the rebel guns. Climbing over boulders and ledges, up hill and down hill, driving the enemy from their strongholds in desperation and agony. Look back thirty-nine years, and see the smoke of Hooker's storming party; hear the roar of artillery and the cracking of musketry. The very foundation of that solid rock quaked under this influence.

See the treacherous waters of the Tennessee, where many a poor comrade found a watery grave. See the artillery contest at Moccasin Point. Witness the anihilation of wagon trains, laden with provisions, enroute to feed the hungry soldiers and starving mules. This was the opening of the "cracker line."

"Killed at Appomattox, April 9, 1865"—and one sees a dead cavalryman, who, falling in that closing battle of the war, died with home and victory in sight.

These are some remarks that will confront any who looks up the records of his regiment. And so it goes on. There are no war stories that can equal the stories of the muster roll. They are facts. There are interesting, and sad records as well. Eighteen States have printed muster rolls of their regiments, which they furnished to the Union Army. The name of every man who served from these States is preserved. Their records are herein transmitted, and the generations to come will find a proud heritage.

There are three States, New York, Delaware and Maryland, which have never published their muster-out rolls.

As a matter of record, the average age of all of the soldiers

was twenty-five years. When classified by age, the largest is that of eighteen years. Of 1,012,273 recorded ages, there are 133,475 at eighteen years, 90,215 at nineteen years, and so on; 46,626 at twenty-five years, and 16,070 at forty-four years.

Out of 2,000,000 men, 1,500,000 were Americans. Of 500,000 foreigners, 175,000 were Germans, 150,000 were Irish, 50,000 English, 50,000 British-American, 75,000 other countries.

The tallest man was Captain Van Buskirk of the Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers who measured 82½ inches, or 6 feet, 10½ inches in his bare feet. The shortest man was a member of the One-hundred-and-ninety-second Ohio Volunteers, who measured 40 inches, or 3 feet 4 inches.

In long, tiresome marches, the tall men generally gave out first. The small men generally were "all there" at night when the roll was called.

The average weight was 143½ pounds. The color of the hair was as follows: Thirteen per cent black; twenty-five per cent dark; thirty per cent brown; twenty-four per cent light; four per cent sandy; three per cent red, and 1 per cent was gray, so that you can readily see that out of 100 per cent, one per cent was gray, and ninety-nine per cent were other shades, indicating that the great Union Army was made up of the youth and flower of our land. Of the occupations, forty-eight per cent were farmers; twenty-four per cent mechanics; sixteen per cent laborers; five per cent clerks and bookkeepers, three per cent professional men; four per cent miscellaneous.

Penmanship was requisite in the army and the best penmen were always sought after and used in making up muster rolls of their companies. They were also detailed for clerical work at Headquarters of regiments, brigades, divisions and corps. Officers were not long in finding out who were the best penmen. When a soldier was once detailed for his qualifications, it was a rare thing for him to ever return to his company, unless for reason of a dissolution or separation of the command.

Now, let loose the recollections of the past, and recall the "Grand Review," the remnants of that noble Army passing for the last time down Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., before a host of 200,000 people filling the streets and house-tops. There were men who were with Grant at the start and Grant at the finish. There were men with Rosecrans at Stone River.

Hooker at Lookout Mountain, Thomas at Chickamauga, Sherman at Atlanta and the Sea.

If the generation of today could have seen the survivors of the old Union Army, 37 years ago, making their last march, in review before the President of the United States and the General of the Army, that bright May day, in 1865, they would have seen the greatest body of marching men the world ever looked upon. In the light of history and the glory of achievements, everything else sank into insignificance, because it was the passing of the remnant of the Union Army.

I have carried you over some of the important events of my soldier life and personal experiences. The boys of the Grand Army have that same feeling today toward one another that they had from 1861 to 1865, when they were holding the same flag, swinging sabres, marching and tramping by thousands and thousands in column or battery front, shoulder to shoulder, solid columns with bristling bayonets. Squadrons and regiments of cavalry, side by side in one great cause, consecrated through blood, fire and storm.

AND THIS IS THE REASON THE GRAND ARMY IS SO LOYAL TO THE PRINCIPLES DEFINED BY "OLD GLORY."

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